

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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QUITE ALONE.

BOOK THE SECOND: WOMANHOOD.

CHAPTER XLVI. LILY'S NEW LIFE.

A BREATH of her old life had blown on the faded cheek of the horse-riding countess. The boon companions of bygone times, the opportunity for being luxurious, and haughty, and insolent, had returned once more. She painted and decked herself with a will; for she knew how select was her audience, and how sure she was of their plaudits. To think that she—who had been the leader of that kind of fashion which fashionable young men are ashamed to own, yet follow, and bow down before with servile reverence—should have been but an hour ago doomed to caper on a circus-horse for the amusement of an amphitheatre full of plebeians, admitted for sixpence in addition to the ordinary price of entrance to the gardens! To think that not so very long since, her worldly estate should have been even more debased, and that, ruddled and tattooed, and with feathers on her head, she should have been shown, as a mock savage, for a few liards, on the boards of a French booth!

So the countess is gone to her supper, and the horses are safe in their stables. The last Roman candle has smouldered out, and very ghastly and gallows-like in the moonlight looks the iron framework of the fireworks. A faint odour of burning yet lingers about them, and the night breeze stirs shreds of cartridge-paper, half consumed to cinder, which have fallen in the thickets of Ranelagh. You might fancy that this was some huge Place de Grève, where criminals had been broken on the Catherine-wheel, or hanged upon gibbets, and their bodies afterwards given up to the flames. But it was only the corpse of Pleasure that had thus been burnt to ashes.

The countess is gone to her supper, the peep-shows and fiddling-tents are shut up, and Ranelagh is left to darkness, to the night watchman; and to Lily Floris.

Lily did not live in the gardens, but she and her—well, her guardian, her protectress, her mistress, her tyrant, were generally the last to leave the place. The countess was generally so much exhausted by her exertions in the high school of horsemanship as to require a long

period of rest in her dressing-room before she went home. Stimulants—stimulants stronger than eau-de-Cologne—had to be administered before she felt strong enough to retire to her domicile. The countess was liberal—not to say lavish—in her use of stimulants. As she had attained middle age, as her husband was dead, and she had no particular character to speak of, it may not be indiscreet to avow, once for all, that she was in the habit of taking a great deal too much brandy-and-water. She said it did her good. The doctor said it did her harm; but, at any rate, she took it: cold. It did not improve her temper. Far from angelic at the best of times, it now bordered very closely on the fiendish. Her powers of tongue were by no means diminished; yet she seemed to distrust them, and her abusive eloquence was, by no means rarely, backed up by blows. She was frequently provoked into striking those who offended her; and who could avoid giving offence to that terrible countess? I have heard that the children of the man who makes birch-brooms have usually a bad time of it; and there is considerable risk in residing with a lady of violent temper addicted to drinking, of equestrian pursuits, and part of whose necessary equipment is a riding-whip.

Lily often thought of that dreadful night in Paris, when the Italian met her in the Elysian Fields. Was it a judgment on her for running away, she wondered, that her temporary evasion had been followed by so dire a bondage? Perhaps. Her terror had been so excessive, her despair so great, that it was only in a dim and fragmentary manner that she could recall the incidents of her capture. She had fainted somewhere, that she knew. On returning to consciousness, she had found herself in a filthy little room, stretched on a filthy mattress laid upon the floor. The Italian was crouched on a stool by the fireplace, smoking, and a toothless ragged old woman was pottering over some evil-smelling mess in a pipkin on the hearth. The room was seemingly Signor Ventimillioni's studio; for, strewn about, were numbers of unfinished wax torsos, some with wigs and some without, some horrid in hirsute adornments in the way of whiskers and moustaches, and some bare and grinning like corpses. Arms, legs, hands and feet, appertaining to celebrated characters in ancient and modern history, littered a row of shelves and a rough deal table,

together with certain pots full of colour, and bits of lace and tinsel. A faint odour of warm wax, even more sickening than that of the stew in the old woman's pipkin pervaded the hovel.

There came from an inner room a woman with her hair hanging over her shoulders—a half-washed face, for fantastic streaks of paint were still visible on her cheeks and forehead, and an old petticoat and shawl hastily thrown over a theatrical tunic and fleshings. Her spangled sandals were plainly visible beneath her dress. She held in one hand a flaring tallow candle, and in the other a glass of some liquor.

She knelt down by the side of the still half-fainting girl, and held the glass to her lips.

"Drink!" she said, in English, "drink! this instant. It will do you good. Drink! or I'll strangle you."

Lily could not but obey. The strangely accoutred woman looked so fierce, and spoke so sternly. She swallowed a mouthful of the liquid, which was nauseous to her palate and scorching to her throat, and was, indeed, brandy mingled with water. After a short time she felt better, though dizzy.

"And so I have found you at last, little runaway," the woman went on. "I could have sworn it was you in the booth. I knew those hypocritical little eyes of yours at once. Ah! I have had a fine chase after you, cunning little fox as you are. Where have you been all these years, you crocodile? Come, confess. Let me know all about it. Speak, or I'll beat you."

Nervous and shattered as she was, Lily could at first give scarcely a coherent reply to the questions with which the strange woman well-nigh overwhelmed her. Though she had a vague and alarmed dread of whom she might be, she was not prepared at first to admit her right to interrogate her. In fact, she could only tremble and palpitate like a little bird fresh caught in the hand of a strong cruel boy.

The woman made her drink more of the liquid. Lily pleaded that it nearly choked her, and burnt her, but she would take no denial. Although it seemed to set her brain on fire, she really felt stronger for it, and, after a time, could talk. The woman led her on, not unadroitly, by asking her if she remembered Miss Bunycastle's school at Stockwell, the dinner at Greenwich, the steam-boat, the journey to Paris, the Pension Marcellin. Yes: Lily remembered all these. What next? the woman asked threateningly. Well, she told all she knew of her residence with Madame de Kergolay: all save her love for Edgar Greyfaunt.

Why had she left the roof of the lady who had been so kind to her? Lily experienced much difficulty in explaining that part of the matter. She could not lie; and yet she dared not avow the hard and bitter truth. The woman would not believe that she had found herself in the Champs Elysées by accident. She had run away, she said: of that she was certain. Lily, blushing and sobbing, was constrained to admit her flight. Why had she fled? The woman asked her

again and again, in tones which each time became more menacing. She raised her clenched hand at last, and might have brought it down heavily (for she had been partaking freely of the stimulant which she had forced Lily to sip); but the Italian muttered something from his stool, and she desisted. The girl sought to pacify her. She tried to explain. She confessed that she had been ungrateful to her benefactress, that she had lost her affection, and that she saw nothing before her but sudden flight.

"Ungrateful! I can well believe that. To whom hast thou not been ungrateful, little spawn of evil? From youth upwards it has always been the same story—ingratitude, ingratitude!"

Surely she, the Wild Woman, had done a great deal in her time to earn the poor child's gratitude!

"There is some man at the bottom of this," she said at last, rising as if wearied with further cross-questioning. "Thou art just the age to make a fool of thyself for a dandy face and a pair of blonde whiskers. Never mind, little one; we will wait. Sooner or later, by fair means or by foul, we will have thy secret out of thee."

She let her be at last, and the girl sank into a long deep slumber. Waking towards morning, Lily turned on her sorry pallet, and, half hoping that she might never wake again, once more sank into sleep. Excitement, fatigue, and the liquor they had made her swallow, had been more than opiates to her.

She was kept close prisoner in the hovel the whole of that day and the whole of the next. The fêtes still continued, and her tyrant was called upon to enact, during at least sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, the part she was so admirably qualified to fill: that of the Wild Woman. Lily used to look upon her in the morning with a curiosity that was mingled with horror as she arrayed herself for the mountebankery of the day. It was a monstrous toilette. How soiled and faded the fleshings were! How frayed at the wrists and armpits! How they bulged into ugly creases at the knees and elbows! How splayfooted the sandals looked, how coarse and garish the embroidery! She had no time to pink her fleshings, but rubbed powdered vermilion into the parts that were discoloured, just as she rubbed it into her face. There were patches of the latter, however, that required orpiment, and cerese, and bismuth, and ochre, and chrome yellow to be laid on in grotesque streaks, and half-moons, and dabs. Was she not a Wild Woman of the Prairies? Before she daubed on her war-paint she would anoint her face and hands with a tallow candle.

"No cold cream for me now, little angel," she would say, with a horrible leer, to the wondering girl. "Watch well what I am doing. It will soon be thy turn to assist me to dress, and woe betide thee if thou makest blunders. Observe, the candle first; the tallow, c'est du suif, de chez l'épiciier, tout de bon. And I, who have covered myself with pearl powder—de vraies perles d'Orient—who have basked in eau-

de-Cologne and milk of almonds, and who have found, when I have done dressing, the bouquet left for me at the door of my loge by the duke or the ambassador—ay, the bouquet with a diamond ring for a holder. 'Cré nom! c'est à crever de rage!' "

Then she would drink a little brandy, and a little more, and more, and console herself, and begin to sing.

When she was fully accoutred in all her paint, and all her feathers, and spangles, and tawdry, twopenny splendours, she would, after surveying herself in a broken piece of looking-glass, come forward to Lily and pose and grimace before her with the great wooden club and foil paper-covered hatchet that went to make up her paraphernalia.

"Am I handsome, à cette heure? Am I graceful? Am I fascinating? Am I La Bella Zigazesi, who has turned so many hearts?" she would cry, ironically.

Lily did not know what answer to return.

"You say nothing. You despise your mistress, your protectress. Ah! you disdain me, do you, Mademoiselle la Comtesse—Baronne—Princesse de Kergolay—Mademoiselle la Marquise de Carabas—Quatre sous? We will soon take your pride out of you. Quick, trollop. Donne-moi la goutte. Give me some brandy, do you hear?"

Lily poured out for her, into a glass that was without a foot, some of the poison the woman liked so well.

"Ah! that is good," she would say, drawing a long breath. "Ça tue à la longue, mais ça donne du courage—du zug-zug." And then she would throw back her long hair, now coarse and ropy from inculture, and flecked with grey. "A short life and a merry one. Vive la joie et le zug-zug! Dire que j'ai été une miladi—la femme d'un gentilhomme. C'était de la crapule, ce Blunt. Un franc coquin que j'ai eu pour mari. Yes, he was a scoundrel, but he was a gentleman, and I was his wife. I used to ride in a carriage and go to the opera with ostrich feathers in my head. I used to wear diamonds. Look at my hands now, you wolf cub."

Rude work had spread the muscles, swollen the knuckles, roughened the skin, and covered the backs with gnarled knots, like unto the roots of trees. They had once been handsome hands; but they were discoloured now, and chapped and barked by exposure. In bitter mockery of her former state, she still had her fingers covered with rings; but they were paltry baubles, not worth ten sous apiece—mere bits of glass backed with tinsel and set in hoops of brass, which left green stains upon her flesh.

She would come home at night, tired, dusty, perspiring, the ruddle on her face muddled into one cloudy morass, and more than half intoxicated. The Italian waxwork man would come with her, and he who wore the suit of armour. There was another Italian too, a hideous hunch-backed fellow with a heavy fringe of black whisker beneath his chin, and a huge fur cap and velvet jacket, who dealt in white mice,

marmots, hurdy-gurdies, and Savoyard boys. He went by the name of "L'organo di Barbaria," and no other. He brought one of his slaves with him the second day, a wobegone little object from Chambery, aged about eleven, very wan-faced and ragged, who had a consumptive cough, and crouched down in a corner, cuddling a diminutive monkey, who was, as to his upper parts, attired after the fashion of a marquis of the ancient régime, and, as to his lower, after that of the Sultana Scheherazade, as seen in illustrations of the Arabian Nights. And of this monkey the wobegone little boy from Chambery seemed passionately fond.

While the men and the Wild Woman were wrangling over their brandy and tobacco and dominoes, Lily ventured to approach the little monkey boy, and slip into his hand a piece of bread, the remnant of her coarse repast.

The Wild Woman saw the action. "Young robber," she cried out. "Attends, je vais te donner une triplée. Ah! I have the double six." But beyond this she took no notice of Lily's patronage of the Savoyard.

The girl was very glad. She made the boy eat, and was delighted that he first of all took care of the monkey, whom he addressed as Cupidon, and whose white teeth were soon chattering over a crisp bit of crust. Lily, growing bolder, stroked the long lean paw of the ape, and even mustered up enough courage to scratch his bullet head. He resented this liberty somewhat, and might have bitten the girl, but for a warning tug at his chain on the part of his master. Then he retired into private life, and the bosom of the Savoyard's friendly but uncleanly shirt, there to dwell in pensive dreams, perhaps, of his primitive forests, and the happy days when he hung on to the limbs of trees by his prehensile tail, watching his great uncle as he hurled cocoa-nuts at the head of the intrusive traveller. Still absorbed as he was in the pleasures of warmth and rest from labour, Lily could see his little bright eyes twinklingly watching her from under the waistcoat of the Alpine boy.

"Where do you dance?" asked the Savoyard.

"Dance?" quoth Lily, opening her eyes.

"Haven't I seen you with a tambourine and red shoes, doing the Infiorata?"

Lily told him, gently, that it must be some other girl.

"How much did your padrona give for you?"

My padrone paid six hundred francs for Vittore Emmanuele" (the names of all Savoyards are either Victor Emmanuel, Charles Albert, or Charles John). "My father bought two cows and six goats with my price, and paid off Grippe Minaud the bloodsucker, who had lent him money to raise his crop. Does your padrona beat you? My master beats us with a chain. Luigi, the boy from Genoa, who died, tried to poison 'L'organo' in his petit verre. When they washed him for burial his body was all blue."

They were a curious trio, the girl, the Savoyard, and the ape.

On the morning of the third day the Wild Woman came to Lily's bedside, and said, "March!" The girl had nothing to pack up, and still wore the modest little bonnet and shawl she had had on when she ran away from Madame de Kergolay. The Wild Woman had discovered her locket, and, not without tears and entreaties on Lily's part, had wrenched it away from her. She had nothing now that belonged to her in the world, and was Quite Alone.

The Wild Woman's travelling dress was a faded tartan gown, and a more faded scarlet shawl, with a bonnet inconceivably battered. She did not fail to remark, however, as she bade Lily survey her, that she had been in the habit of wearing velvets and cashmeres, and a bird of paradise plume in her bonnet. And then she cursed, and took a little more cognac.

The Italian waxwork man, who was either the Wild Woman's husband, or some relative, near, but decidedly not dear to her, was to be of the party. He was not so very ill-conditioned a fellow, and was passing kind to Lily, never failing to remonstrate, and, if need were, to interfere if the woman offered to strike her. The Wild Woman's temper, especially towards evening, when she had partaken most copiously of cognac, was very uncertain; and there was no knowing when the blows might begin to fall.

They went by means of a waggon, laden with the waxwork and the scenery and appointments of the Wild Woman (for the shows were a joint concern, and Ventimillioni appeared to be proprietor of them both), to a place called Pontoise. Thence to Orleans, and thence even so far as Dijon. They halted by night at mean inns, where sometimes they obtained a couple of bedrooms cheaply, and sometimes Ventimillioni and the countess—that is to say, the Wild Woman—camped out in a barn. The toothless old woman had been left in charge of the hovel on the quay in Paris, but Lily had always, however small and miserable it might be, a room to herself. The Wild Woman never failed, likewise, in the precaution of taking away Lily's clothes, and the candle, and locking the door after her, when she retired for the night.

The girl fell into a state of semi-lassitude and apathy. She did not seem to care much what became of her. She had lost her purview. Her horizon was bounded on all sides by the Wild Woman and the Italian, and beyond them she could discern nothing. She was not specially desirous to die; but she was not particularly anxious about living. She was not even actively unhappy. She was quite submissive and resigned: only numbed, and chilled, and torpid.

There were fairs on the road; and at some of these the Wild Woman gave her performance, and Signor Ventimillioni exhibited his waxwork. On these occasions Lily was always carefully locked in her room, and got neither dinner nor supper till the pair returned at night, the woman not very sober, now grumbling, now

chuckling over the receipts of the day and evening.

It was at a place called St. Esprit, and when Lily had been locked up many hours on a hot August afternoon, and felt very lonely—just that kind of loneliness when you begin to hear strange noises that have no foundation save in your imagination—that a big country girl, who was waitress and chambermaid at the miserable auberge the party had put up at, came into the room. "I have got another key, little one," she said, triumphantly.

The country girl had very red elbows and a face like a tomato, little pig's eyes, and matted hair whose roots were within an inch and a half of her eyebrows. She breathed hard when she spoke, and, seemingly, was not unaccustomed to the use of garlic as a condiment with her meals.

"I have a key, little one," she continued, "and something else, too. Attrape." And from beneath her apron she produced a mighty slice of bread covered with blackberry jam.

Lily was really hungry, and only too glad to get the bread and jam. She had well-nigh devoured it, when the girl whose face was like a tomato said:

"Why don't you run away? I would, if I were you. I know those wretches treat you cruelly. I have heard them abusing you at night, after I have gone to bed. Tenez, ma petite. I have got fifteen francs saved up to buy me a golden cross, but my bien-aimé will give me another, I am sure, even if he is obliged to sell himself as a substitute in the conscription to do so. Take my fifteen francs, and run away from these bad people.

Run away! She had tried that once before; but whither was Lily to run, now?

Lily heard the good-natured country girl out, and thanked her for her bread and jam, but she bade her take back the key, lest she should get herself into trouble, and told her that she had no thoughts of running away. No one meant to treat her unkindly, she said, and, if she was unhappy, it was her own fault. She was, in truth, too weary to fly. She did not care much what became of her. The first hour of captivity is very awful; you rage and scream, and feel as though you could hang yourself to your dungeon bars, or dash your brains out against the walls; but days, weeks, months, years pass, and at last you bear your durance with a dull apathy that is well-nigh utter indifference. It does not so much matter. A year the more or a year the less does not count. And at last, when haply the cell door is opened, and you are told that you are free, you are in no very great hurry to move. You have remained here so long, why should you not stay here a little longer? Prisoners have been known to memorialise their jailer to be allowed to stop, when their discharge has arrived, and at last they have had to be turned out of the prison by force. There are times when you might leave Gouffoniere's door in the casemates of Spielberg open, and tell him that the sentinel is bought, and that he

has two hours to get away—when Silvio Pellico might find the bars of his cell window under the piombi sawn through, and a rope-ladder nailed to the sill; and yet when the captives would but yawn, and think it scarcely worth their while to make their escape. There is somewhat of the infinite mercy of Heaven in thus blunting our senses during suffering. The victim sleeps at the stake. I have heard of a convict who committed suicide because the end of his slavery was rapidly approaching; but I think you might trust a hundred convicts with razors to shave themselves every day for a year without three of them cutting their throats.

Lily was not in chains, and her window was not barred; but she was a captive, nevertheless. She had resigned herself to it, and waited, submissively enough, for what was to come next.

The hostess of the tavern where they lived at Dijon brought her her meals after this. Perhaps she suspected the good nature of her servant girl. The Wild Woman had told her that Lily was a refractory apprentice, obstinately intent on not learning to dance on the tight-rope, and inveterately addicted to running away. The hostess, who had had much to do with mountebanks in her time (her husband had been a paillasse, and her eldest son was a ventriloquist, while her youngest daughter walked on stilts), fully believed this story, and looked upon Lily as a very atrocious young criminal indeed.

"If you were apprenticed to me," she would say, "my faith, I would arrange you. You should learn to dance as the bears do. *Va petite drôlesse, je te ferais sauter à la musique d'un bon martinet.* I'd lay a strap about you, that's all."

Lily did not think it worth while to bandy words with this woman, who was stupid and violent, and given to imbibing too much cassis.

"Sulky young baboon," the hostess would continue, shaking her forefinger at her. "At thy age, too. Almost a woman. And not so very bad-looking, either," she added, in an under tone, to herself. "Dost thou know what will come to thee for running away? The police will get hold of thee, and thou wilt be sent to prison, absolument comme une coureuse. Is it so very difficult, then, to dance on the cord? Bah! when I was half thy age, my father made me swallow a Turkish scimitar, and the sabre of a cuirassier; and before I was twelve, I was practising the back summersault on a spring board into a pond of water, to prevent breaking my bones when I fell."

A fortnight elapsed before the Wild Woman came back; but she returned radiant. They had been to Lyons: to the fair of the Croix Rouge. Ventimillioni had run over to Geneva, where, in those days, and may be, for aught I know, to this day, there is a public gaming-table. Luck was in his favour, and the Italian had won heavily: two hundred Napoleons. He had come back to Lyons, dressed up the Wild Woman in satin and velvet, bought her a

bonnet with a bird of paradise plume in it, covered her wrist and neck with cheap jewellery, and taken her over to Geneva. Luck had gone against him then; and with a very few Napoleons remaining from his winnings, he was prepared moodily to return to the place whence he came, and take to the waxwork business again. But the Wild Woman—Madame la Comtesse, in future, if you please—had been experiencing the smiles of fortune, while on the unhappy Ventimillioni she had so suddenly scowled. Madame had not ventured anything beyond a few five-franc pieces on the red or the black; but she had met an old, a very old acquaintance at Geneva. Whence it arose that she returned to Dijon radiant.

"Up, paresseuse!" she cried to Lily. "Up, and get your rags together. We are going back to England and to life."

The girl, who passed most of her time now crouching listlessly in a corner, interpreted this command as a literal one, and stood up in obedience to it. Madame seemed to recollect that the rags she had spoken of were already gotten together, and that Lily had no others.

"Did ever one see such a tatterdemalion?" she grumbled. "I must go to a *revendeuse à la toilette*, and get her some clothes to travel in."

Lily was locked up, for the last time; but within an hour madame came back with a fat old woman who had a lisp and the asthma, and whose splay, slowly crawling feet, in their roomy black list slippers, looked like a pair of turtle in mourning for their brethren who had been made by cruel epicures into soup. The fat old woman carried a big bundle beneath each arm, and Lily was speedily equipped in some faded but decent second-hand garments. The countess sat by, inspecting the proceedings, and tapping the floor impatiently with her parasol. It was the second time, Lily remembered, that she had so been fitted out under inspection. The last time it was by Cutwig and Co.

Ten days afterwards they were in London. The Italian stayed behind. He seemed to bear separation from the Wild Woman—the countess, I mean—with great equanimity. She had for him, and had had always, the haughty and insolent indifference we feel for a person whose grade is beneath ours, but who is useful to us. Even in her lowest state she had treated the waxwork man *du haut en bas*.

"When I pay you a visit in London, my empress, the Italian remarked, showing his white teeth, "you will have some macaroni for your Angelo, your Angelino, your Angeliotto—is it not so?"

"That depends," she answered, tossing her head. "Can you let me have any more money?"

"Not a bajocco! you would devour as many millions as there are in my name. I have but four Louis d'or left, and I must have crowded houses at the show for a fortnight, or I shall starve."

"That is your affair."

"Yes, my duchess, that is my affair"—and the

Italian showed his teeth again—"what a pity I did not put you on a pair of pasteboard wings, and show you as an angel instead of a Wild Woman. Well, I am not angry with you. Donna è mobile. When you are tired of England, and have lost your engagement through too many potations (you are too fond of cognac, my Zenobia), you will be glad enough to come back to your Angelo, and grate the cheese for his macaroni."

"I hope not."

"Yes you will. Till then, farewell. Take care of the Poverina"—this was Lily, and he patted her, not unkindly, on the shoulder—"and keep your hands off her. England is a good country, though the sun never shines there, and there are laws to protect the weak. Here, La Giustizia never interferes with you, unless your passport is out of order."

"I shall do what I like with my own."

"Precisely. Don't ill-treat your cat, or your dog, or whatever else is your own, then. Go, and be happy. Don't tear your new padrone's eyes out, if you can help it. What is his name? Il Signor Touticello—what is it? Dio mio! what a barbarous language it is!"

"His name is no business of yours. Tu m'embêtes, Ventimillioni. Que cela finisse!"

And so parted. The Italian may have been a roving vagabond, not over-scrupulous as to morality; but he was a good-natured kind of fellow, and, when he showed his white teeth, looked quite amiable.

This is how Lily came back to England, and became acquainted with Ranelagh. She had become the attendant, the dresser, the drudge, the slave—call it what you will—of Madame Ernestine, the lady who was creating so great a sensation in the high school of horsemanship.

CAN YOU SWIM?

No. Why not? You never learned.

But dogs and cats have no need of learning. Throw a young dog into the river, for the first time in his life, and he will swim out again at once, as a matter of course. Throw a young gentleman into the same river, under similar circumstances, and the chances are, ten to one, that he will struggle, get choked with water, and drown. Should he, by good luck, not choke or drown, he will probably remain stationary, or be simply borne along by the current, making little or no progress towards the river's bank.

Certain philosophers have adduced these facts as proofs of man's feeble instinctiveness, and of his physical inferiority to the brutes. But they are no such thing; they are quite the contrary. They simply arise from his being a biped and not a quadruped, and from his having a large and heavy brain. His head is heavier, in proportion to his bulk, than that of any other animal. They are, therefore, a proof of his superiority. Moreover, a dog's first essay at swimming is merely the act of walking in water; afterwards,

the experienced water-dog does really swim, with his fore paws at least. A man walking in the water, would not advance, although he might thereby keep his head above the surface, as is practised by swimmers in the action called "treading water."

Nor are all the lower land animals equally gifted with swimming powers. Some are eminently so endowed. The common snake derives its specific name, *Coluber natrix*, from the ease with which it plays the eel; swimming, however, with its head well erect in the air. Others, whom you would hardly expect to do so, manage to get themselves out of difficulties. I have seen a hen swim bravely out of a pond into which she had fallen. The long-legged heron swims. Woodcocks, during their migrations, are said sometimes to rest on the surface of the sea. The water-ouzel (whose sub-aquatic habits nobody would suspect from merely seeing the bird) even flies under water, using its wings to aid its progress. It dives, because it is determined to dive: not because it is made for diving.

Others, again, are very bad swimmers indeed. Some pigs cut their own throats while swimming. A hedgehog in the water is a pitiable sight. As he floats, his snout falls below the surface, and it is only by repeated efforts that he raises it for a moment to breathe. Swim as well as he may, he soon drowns, unless the shore be near. There are ducks and upland geese which, although web-footed, rarely or never condescend to swim. It might be a little too hard on them to say they can't. They are pointed out by Darwinites as instances of a hereditary feature (webbed feet) surviving modified habits.

Let us now see what swimming is. To *float*, is to be sustained on the surface of a fluid by the force of specific gravity. A solid object, dropped into a liquid, displaces a quantity of that liquid exactly equal to its own *weight*—no more. If the size of the object be greater than the size of an equal weight of the liquid, it is clear that it cannot entirely enter into that liquid—it cannot sink, that is; it floats on the surface. The object is lighter than the liquid; its specific gravity is less. Thus, lead floats on mercury, iron on melted lead, the majority of woods on water, and cork on spirits of wine. To float is scarcely an action; inanimate objects float. A buoy floats. A corpse floats.

To *swim*, is to move at will on or in a fluid. Swimming is aided by, but is not entirely dependent on, specific gravity. Many fishes which have no bladders are heavier than the water they swim in. They may almost be said to fly in water. To swim, therefore, is the action and effort of an animated organism. A dead duck floats; a live duck swims.

And yet you (who are not only alive, but also, I hope, well) cannot float until you have learned to swim. Floating is one of the most practically useful details of the art of swimming. You *would* float, when you fall into water, if you could only imitate the inaction and impass-

siveness of a dead body. But you cannot; your fears prevent you. You are alive, not dead. Impressionable by alarm, distractable by despair, you struggle, and, filling your lungs with water, become altogether heavier than water. Consequently you sink. The art of swimming teaches you that there is no need to feel either alarm or despair. The swimmer, obeying the laws of specific gravity, and keeping his lungs clear of water, floats motionless for any reasonable length of time. The duration will depend on the temperature of the water in which he is floating.

Now, the human body, as a whole, is so nearly of the same specific gravity as river water, that when the lungs are in their natural state, that is, occupied by air, it floats in that medium; when filled with water, it sinks. The different capacities of chest in different individuals, and their different degrees of fatness, will cause their line of floatation, their mark of tonnage, to differ slightly. I have read of a Neapolitan ecclesiastic so fat, that he used to swim about the Bay without being able to bathe his person higher than the waist, in spite of all his efforts to sink deeper. Grease *would* float, whatever pains he might take to submerge it. Still, the rule holds good as a generality.

With the equilibrium, therefore, so nicely balanced, every inspiration which a person fallen into the water attempts to make while his mouth is under water, diminishes the possibility of his floating, by causing him to inhale water instead of air. Three such inspirations generally suffice to bring about the final catastrophe.

I once saw a wealthy and highly respected tradesman drowned in the presence of his wife and children, who came out to meet him on his arrival home. The old-fashioned river steamer on which he was travelling, stopped to land him at his country villa. The boat was crowded. A company of provincial actors were amusing themselves on deck with a game at cards. The steamer's only bulwark was a rope, which broke somehow as he leaned against it to pass a group of passengers. He fell into deep water, at scarcely a couple of yards' distance from his own garden steps. While people were shouting "He can swim!" "No, he can't!" "Throw a rope!" "Bring the boat round!" and other incoherent cries, everybody giving orders, and nobody doing anything, the unfortunate man beat the water in despair, raised his arms above his head (the sure way to sink, and one mode employed by swimmers when they want to sink), did sink, rose thrice to the surface, and then sunk to rise no more alive. Had he learned to swim, his family might have been spared that sad spectacle. Had his wife learned to swim, she might have saved her husband's life.

A woman has quite as much need of knowing how to swim as a man—nay more. She is more constantly with young children, and therefore more likely to be near, in case of accident happening to them. In case of accident happening to herself, the life of a mother of a family is of

inappreciable value. Learning to swim is surely an easy premium to pay for assurance from one terrible form of death. And what has a lady to do, what terrible sacrifice has she to make, to accomplish the feat of learning to swim? She has simply to frequent a swimming bath for a few weeks in summer; to bathe in trousers instead of the usual dress, and to pay a few shillings to a swimming mistress—or carefully study and carry out the remainder of the present paper. I myself learned to swim in the way here recommended.

Swimming would be much better for pale-faced girls (whose chests are all right) than the cold bath, with repeated dippings, which is commonly prescribed instead. Bathing, generally, is injurious to all when digestion is not thoroughly completed, during profuse and even free perspiration, as well as at certain times and seasons, and in the great heats of a summer's day. Persons disposed to spitting of blood, apoplexy, and deafness, or who are seized with continued shiverings and tightness of the chest after leaving the water, will be wise to abstain from bathing and swimming.

Suppose a swimmer deposited in the water, in the usual well-known swimming position. To advance, he usually first gives the stroke with the arms, as if they were a couple of oars, and then the stroke by striking with the legs. It is the latter which causes him the most to progress; the former is comparatively ineffectual. It affords, however, a space of breathing-time (after the stroke) and of rest for the legs, and also allows the legs to be drawn into position to give the really propulsive stroke. As a proof that it is so, you can swim on your back (when your arms should be folded in complete repose) nearly, if not quite, as fast as in the reverse position.

A frog is the model for human swimmers. He is scarcely a quadruped, either in the water or out of it. True, he does not walk erect; but on land even, he leaps entirely by the muscular spring of his hinder legs; and, in the water, he has two legs and feet which propel him along, and two arms and hands with which he paddles and plays and also effects a landing. This continued exercise of the lower limbs develops them to more than the proportions of an opera dancer's, and causes the thighs to be the morsel sought by epicures, for which all the rest of the creature is sacrificed. His "header," or pitch into the water, is perfect; and his diving and his swimming under water are exactly what ours should be, entirely effected by the action of the legs. The hands, closed over the head, should act as a guard and a cutwater. If we could only acquire his power of holding breath!

First, watch a good swimmer. Notice especially how deliberate and leisurely are all his movements. His strokes are not hurried. His attitudes are graceful, because they are easy, and (like what Taglioni's dancing was) *continuous*, never quite still as a statue, and never violent as if running a race. They are the

poetry of motion and suspension. For elegance, a trapezist's performance is not to be compared to an accomplished swimmer's. He does nothing by jerks, by fits and starts. There is no thrashing of the water (except when, on his back, he does the steamer, making of his legs a sort of paddle-wheel); there is no clutching at imaginary straws, or fighting imaginary enemies. He knows exactly the moment when to press the slippery liquid and turn its resistance to his own advantage. He is confident, sure of his own safety, and therefore breathes freely instead of panting fast. It is the learner's hurry, the drowning man's hurry, which retards the one and destroys the other. As soon as the learner can strike leisurely and pause between the strokes, he has well begun (which is half done) his task of learning to swim.

Secondly, you are in the water (shallow) up to the waist. You have entered, if not head first, at least at full length, or in a lump, with a dash, a dip, or a plunge, so as to immerse your whole person at once. If you go in delicately, little by little, commencing with the tips of your toes, and letting the water creep gradually up your legs, you will probably be seized with short sudden pantings, making you say "Ha, ha, ha!" with a sort of spasm, and afterwards with headache: the whole caused by the blood being driven up from the lower extremities to the chest and head. To obviate the latter inconvenience, in the bathing establishments of Normandy they give you a warm foot-bath as soon as you come out of the sea. You stand in this, while wiping yourself dry. The blood is coaxed down to the feet, and headache after bathing rendered almost impossible. Why this excellent practice is not more widely extended is hard to say, unless because of the trouble.

You are standing in the water, then, facing the ladder or the steps by which you will finally leave it.

Lesson I. Grasp with both hands the stave of the ladder, which is on a level with, or a little below, the surface. Assume the horizontal swimming position. Get your legs well up, the feet nearly or quite to the surface, your head well down and a little on one side, so that as much as possible of your brain is submerged, and your mouth only just out of the water. The mouth even need not be above the water, except at the intervals of taking breath. Then strike out slowly, to your heart's content, with both legs at once, in regular strokes, bringing them together afterwards, until you are tired. Rest, and repeat the operation. The grand preparation for acquiring the faculty of swimming consists in daring to keep the head down, the legs up, and the whole body horizontal. Man walks erect, but he swims prone, prostrate, or reclining.

Lesson II. Repeat the same, holding to the ladder with one hand only, and either paddling with the hand open and the fingers closed, or giving the arm stroke, with the arm disengaged. Do this with each arm alternately.

Lesson III. Remember that swimming (like the performance of *tours de force* on the piano, like brilliant leaps in the hunting-field, like a flight on the trapeze) is one of the things that must be done with a dash. You do it, the first time you try, because you *will* to do it. Having done it once, you do it again. Therefore, when you no longer fear a horizontal position in the water—when you are convinced that you may keep your legs up, your head down, and your arms submerged, without danger of drowning—retire a couple of paces from your ladder, and *resolve* to swim, as if you were Leotard launched in mid-air. *C'est le premier pas qui coûte*. As soon as you can swim one yard, the thing is done. The distance swum, will increase rapidly with practice and the consequent increasing confidence of the swimmer. But as swimming, like mountain-climbing, calls into action muscles which are comparatively little used in our ordinary habits, it is only by gradual exercise that they can be brought to perform long-continued efforts.

Swimming is much more beneficial to the health as a gymnastic training than a mere cold bath, in which no exercise is taken. Swimming is strong exercise, which, notwithstanding, causes no loss by perspiration, since it is taken in a medium that is both cool and dense. Such loss would be considerable were the same exertion made in air, especially in warm air. Besides the strengthening influence of the reaction caused by the application of cold water to the skin, swimming increases muscular power, and acts on the nervous system as a sedative.

Of all recorded feats of swimming, unquestionably the most famous is the crossing of the Hellespont by "Leander, Captain Ekenhead, and I," "I" having been Lord Byron the poet. It has been rivalled in several instances. At the beginning of the present century, a young Swiss, residing at Immensee, used to swim across the Lake of Zug at its narrowest breadth nearly every day, to visit his sweetheart, who dwelt at Walchwyli. He continued his aquatic excursions till the close of summer, when he brought home his bride (probably in a boat, and not on his back), and enjoyed the sweets of matrimony on easier terms than he had tasted those of courtship.

Some years since, a Norfolk sailor, shipwrecked, sustained himself in a stormy sea for seventeen hours before reaching the shore. He had some small assistance from a piece of plank; but he owed his safety to swimming, floating, and power of endurance. The other swimmers just mentioned, were stimulated by passion and vanity; *his* efforts claim our higher sympathies, from having been inspired by a less selfish motive—the love of his wife and children.

It is worth consideration whether, at swimming races, prizes should not be offered, not only to the quickest swimmer—to him who performs a given distance in the shortest space of time—but also to him who performs the greatest distance, irrespective of the time occupied in doing it,

with full liberty to repose by floating, without touching land or aid. A quarter of a mile is a good swim; a furlong is not bad. In cases of life and death, power of endurance is mostly of greater practical utility than speed. Speed may enable you to save another—to reach a drowning man before he sinks; endurance, presence of mind, and the tenacious quality expressed by “never say die,” may often prove the means of saving yourself.

Had I a son to teach to swim, I would advise him to eschew corks, bladders, and the supporting hands of bathing companions under the chin, as well as sustaining straps held by the swimming master at the end of a pole. All those aids inspire false confidence, which fails when the support is withdrawn. Such supports have even their dangers. Corks, bladders, and straps, sometimes slip from under the armpits to the waist, or the legs; and the learner drowns, unless assisted. There have been swimming masters so imbecile as purposely to cause this accident to their pupils, for the pleasure of helping them out of it. But the grand point is to get the learner to trust and depend entirely on himself. But, surely, half drowning them is not the way to inspire beginners with confidence. With beginners, any trick or surprise—such as pushing each other down, or even dashing water unexpectedly in each other's faces—is extremely foolish and untoward. It is a thoughtless joke, and may give rise to deep-rooted fears, which reason can never overcome.

In swimming, *every* cause of alarm should be carefully guarded against. Thus, in diving, if, when eight or ten feet under water, you open your eyes and look up, the surface appears much nearer than it really is. It is an optical deception of which you are perfectly aware in your cooler moments, when looking *down into* clear water instead of *out of* it. You make the requisite effort to rise, and seem not to rise so quickly as you ought. You begin to be flurried and frightened; and as soon as presence of mind is gone, danger is imminent. But, being aware of the effects of refracted light, you are not alarmed, and all goes well. Now, a person who can swim, but who cannot dive, is only an incomplete swimmer. How often has a thing, or a body, to be fetched up from the bottom! Diving is the very best practice for making one's self really at home in the water. If you open your eyes while diving, remember to close them just before reaching the surface, in order to prevent the eyelashes from being drawn between the eye and the lid:

For similar reasons, it is better to learn to swim in an open stream than in a swimming-bath. On the same account, salt water is less to be recommended than fresh; for if you can swim well in the latter, you can swim well in any other. Whereas, swimmers who have learned to swim in the sea, are startled to find themselves sink so low in a lake or river, and the surprise may easily have fatal consequences.

Saline waters are not equally buoyant. That of the Dead Sea is particularly so, from holding a large quantity of salts in solution. Travellers describe the ease with which they float on it as something almost ludicrous. See Kinglake's *Eöthen*. The Mediterranean, less buoyant than the Dead Sea, is more so than the Atlantic; on certain rocky coasts it is beautifully clear and transparent, allowing you to see the coral growing, and the crawfish crawling forward or darting backward at considerable depths. Your boat seems to be hovering between two atmospheres. The Mediterranean is a saline tonic, blue and bitter. It loses by evaporation, three times more water than its rivers pour into it. But for the under-currents in the Straits of Gibraltar, it would soon become a sea of brine, and eventually a plain of salt.

The Baltic is fresher than the ocean, and consequently exerts less floating power. High up, in the Gulf of Finland, it is fresh enough to serve for drinking, and may be regarded by swimmers as river water. As to mineral waters and saline pools, they vary, from the hot spring at Dax (south of France), which is simply without any decided taste, but “not agreeable to drink,” and is used by the inhabitants for household purposes, to the salinas of South America, which are saturated brine. A spring or pond of mineral oil would be a dangerous place to attempt to swim in, were such a whim to cross any bather's brain. As to a bath of mercury, it would be next to impossible to get covered by the fluid.

If, when swimming in stagnant water, you happen to get entangled among weeds, it is of no use attempting to extricate yourself by main strength. That would make matters worse. Stop short at once. First take a full inspiration, and then disengage your arms without raising them above the water. Paddling with one hand, you then with the other remove the weeds from around your neck, and then, gently and one by one, those twisted round your legs and thighs. That done, the best way of getting out of the mess is to turn round, keeping your legs together, straight and motionless, and paddle away with your hands only, swimming dog-wise.

But, the most deadly foe of swimmers (where there are no sharks) is cramp. I myself, once a decent swimmer, rarely venture out of my depth: being subject to cramp in the legs in bed, especially after much walking exercise. I never had cramp in the water, and don't know what I should do if I had. Varying the position and attitude in swimming tends to diminish the chance of cramp. In bed, if you can once get your heel down and your toes up, cramp in the calf of the leg is mastered. For instance, one can conceive a sort of stirrup passing under the toes; by pulling that, and so getting the heel down, a slight attack of cramp might be made to pass. But cramp-threatened subjects had better keep to shallow waters. It is a curious affection, whose coming on no known medical precaution can prevent. It is a result

of the separate vitality of the muscles, independent of the general life of the individual: as evinced by the convulsive motions of slaughtered animals, and the twitching of the limbs in persons fast asleep.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

FROM CAIRO TO MEMPHIS.

"WHERE'S my dorg?" exclaimed Jeremiah, in a voice which Rosa Matilda would have said was tremulous with emotion, but which was really just a little scared. "Where's my dorg? Muster! Muster!"

The dog came bounding to his master, who was very glad to see him safe, for a cannon-ball had just gone tearing through the Jacob Swan, clearing the heads of those seated in the saloon, and carrying away a music-box that had been perched on the top of a tall glass jar to increase the sweetness of its tones.

The passengers had been warned that we should probably be beset by vagabond artillery on our passage down the Mississippi, and we had voluntarily taken the risk rather than be detained in the mud, malaria, and miserable camp infection, of Cairo. We might as well go to-day as to-morrow, or next month. The guerillas would not be abated while the war raged. All our passengers were urged by motives sufficiently strong to make us dare this desperate game of hazard, which might end in death. One lady was returning to New Orleans to her husband, and children, and a desolated home, with three daughters whom she had just taken from a Northern school. A delicate and beautiful young wife, in that interesting condition that Americans only speak of in the strictest confidence, was going to her husband, who was in New Orleans, a contractor for the Federal army, a speculator, or something else as lucrative and as infamous. The young wife only knew that all the luxury and comfort that money could buy awaited her if she got through safely. Some of our passengers were going South to speculate as a business, and to spoil still further a land and a people already robbed and spoiled. Most of the people huddled together like frightened sheep on the advent of the cannon-ball. The lady with the three daughters stood apart with her charge. She was very pale, but she held her frightened youngest, a girl of twelve years, firmly, and soothed the eldest, who was nervously weeping. The third was calm and pale, like her mother.

"Let us go on the hurricane-deck," said Jeremiah; "we have taken their range. For my part, I want to be above such visitors." He looked about as if seeking some one. There was a little heap of black silk in a corner, surmounted by a wet face, tangled curls, and a white pocket-handkerchief in constant use. "Mrs. Seaton," said Jeremiah, with a kind of tender reverence in his voice and manner, "will you try to go up with us? I will lend you my arm, and Mr. Hartley, I think you will take a cushion, sir."

This was a sort of respectful command, which I appreciated in America, and I proceeded to obey with cheerful alacrity. "Mrs. Livingston, you and the girls had better come. I am sure we shall be safer above." He raised his voice, and said to the crowd of scared passengers, "I am going to the hurricane-deck. I think it is the safest place, but I don't advise anybody to go. I would not take advice from king, or president, or anybody else, unless I was mighty sure he knew better than I." He tenderly passed the small balloon of black silk up the stairs, and I dutifully carried the cushion. This, with the aid of a shawl like a railway rug, made a sofa for the frightened little lady. Mrs. Livingston and her daughters grouped near us. "Put up your parasols," said Jeremiah. "There never yet was a Southerner who could shoot at a petticoat or a parasol. I think we are as safe as a thief in a mill, up here."

"My bird!" gasped the little lady. "He hangs over the centre table in the saloon."

"I'll bring your bird," said Jeremiah, cheerfully. It was only risking his life; that was all. As he rose to go, a puff of smoke was seen upon the bank opposite, an ominous stillness brooded over us for a moment, and then another cannon-ball crashed through the boat below. Very soon a black face appeared at the head of the stairs, and the coloured cook came to us.

"Any harm done?" asked Jeremiah, collaring his dog with energy.

"O, Massa Grierson! Massa Grierson!"

"What is it, Hannibal? Can't you get it out? Have you swallowed your news?"

"O, Massa Grierson! Ole Pete done dead; top his head done gone, right clean off wid de ball."

"Anything else?"

"nary bird done gone; cagenall done gone. O, Massa Grierson!"

"Anything else, Hannibal?"

"Ain't that nuff, Massa Grierson?"

"What are you going to do about it, Hannibal?"

"Cap'n Jones says I'm to stay up here. De rest won't come. Dey say we all done dead nex time if we stay in sight de guns."

"You'd better stay here, Hannibal, if you don't want to be done dead. Here, you Muster, don't you wander off."

The dog returned, and laid himself at his master's feet. Our seats were filled with the better class of passengers; the more ignorant stayed below, thinking we were in greater danger, because we could be seen from the shore. But Jeremiah remarked, "We have their range. Besides, they don't want to shoot us; they only want to sink the Jacob Swan. They don't locate on low banks, and on the bluffs they have to point their pieces down, or the elevation would send the shot clean over us. They know their business, and so do I. We have got their range, and we may go on our way rejoicing. There's low banks now for a good stretch; at any rate till we get near enough to Memphis to make them sneaky. I'll

bet a hat we shall be let alone, like we was in the state prison, till we get to Memphis."

The passengers about us seemed to share in Jeremiah's confidence. They were relaxing the tension of fear. The ladies began to speak to each other. Two groups of men were playing cards; a Yankee was whistling, chewing tobacco as if for a wager, and spitting spitefully. Mrs. Livingston and her daughters were sitting with their arms around each other, near Mrs. Seaton with her limp curls and tear-wet pocket-handkerchief. Muster and I kept near Jeremiah, who considered himself somewhat like the father of a family in difficulties. "I never was in love with the mighty muddy Mississippi," said he. "I had my small amusements on the river before the war, and Muster had his. He saved a poor fellow from drowning just about here, three year ago, just about now. I believe he remembers it as well as I do. Muster, show us how you held the man above water." He knotted his handkerchief about a cane, and threw it down. The dog seized the knot in his teeth and gravely supported the cane. "That's just the way he held the man's head above water by the knot of his cravat. He swam down stream, and met the boat, and when we took the poor fellow aboard, Muster was as glad as a Christian. Poor Greene, he'll remember you, Muster, till he goes to kingdom come, and, for aught I know, afterward. I must tell you about it. We were going to New Orleans, and at Cairo we took aboard a party that I was not happy to see, not a bit of it. I don't like snags walking about on two legs. The party consisted of a man about thirty or thirty-five years old, with his wife and a young baby, and his mother. The young man was what I call a hard character. He wore a grey coat and pants, and purple velvet vest, with a massive gold, or it might be gold plated, chain across the breast. His long black hair was curled and shiny, and smelt like a barber's shop. He had a red fluffy face, and his eyes were black and wicked. He had been what many people call good-looking—good, I do not think he could have been with such a mother. She was a tall and stately woman—quite as tall as her son, and about half a century old. She wore a false front, and her forehead was shaved to make it look more expansive and intellectual. I can't answer for her age very accurately, for she was made up altogether in the most elaborate fashion, and was dressed, even on the steamboat, in the richest moire antique and the costliest lace. There is not a sin of the civilised world that was not written on that woman's face. I have seen a great many women, with little enough that was womanly about them, but I never saw one who seemed to me so bad as this gambler's mother.

"The fact is, it was a party of gamblers. The poor little wife was a trained stool-pigeon, and even the pretty little baby was dressed to attract attention and lead to acquaintance. The wife was very pretty, but struck me as a strange compound. She seemed loving and gentle, as I dare say she might have been in other circum-

stances. She was dressed too well, and wore too much jewellery. This I afterwards found was not her fault. She was made to play her part in attracting her husband's victims. The coquetry of her appearance did not correspond with the expression of her face. There was a sad look in it that made me pity her. They had come from Canada, they said, and were going to New Orleans. I kept my eyes on them; and so, I found, did the experienced chambermaid, who had been on the river too long not to know such customers at first sight.

"Among our fellow-passengers was a gentleman who called himself Mr. Browne, who seemed to me to be either an actor travelling incog., or a gentleman who intended to adopt the dramatic profession. We got acquainted over a sherry cobbler, became intimate with our noses in our two first mint juleps, and when we had a little private party in our corner, he amused us by imitating those on board, or others we happened to know, very cleverly. Among the rest, he took off the roué-looking gambler, Rodden, as he called himself, and the stately mother. He had made up his mind about them pretty much as I had made up mine.

"Among the other occupants of the great cabin, where society gets about as well mingled as you ever find it in this world, was a young man, a Mr. John Greene, a master carpenter from Chicago, going to Memphis. He was simple, honest, and as verdant as his name. He got acquainted with everybody, and told of his means, intentions, and prospects, as if he thought everybody as innocent as himself.

"Rodden made a set at Greene as soon as he heard that he had money, but not by making the first advances. The old lady talked with him in the most motherly way about his home, his prospects, and sweethearts. The young wife, who seemed at times to scorn everything about her, smiled on him sweetly, and gave him her baby to hold. Whoever she may have feared or hated, she loved the baby. It was, I believe, the bond that held her to the gambler and his mother, and made her do their infernal bidding. But for the baby, she might have jumped into the river to escape a tyranny that hour by hour became more apparent to me, as I watched the drama playing before me.

"Rodden, of course, had made up his mind to plunder the young carpenter, and it had to be done before we got to Memphis. They had played in a little family party at whist and euchre for candies and sherry cobbles, or champagne. Greene generally won, and was confident in his luck, and a little proud of his skill. He was fascinated also with the pretty woman, who could wind him round her fingers. Then he tried his hand with Rodden alone, and won thirty dollars, as he boasted to Browne, at half a dollar a game. It was of no use to advise him. He was as conceited as he was honest. Like many very green persons, he believed himself an excellent judge of character, and as sharp as a needle.

"The night before we were to reach Memphis

Rodden and Greene were playing, and Greene was flushed with his luck and drinking more than usual. Browne watched them till he was tired, and turned in at about eleven o'clock. Then Rodden and Greene drank more, or stronger drinks than usual, and they played for higher stakes. It was the old story—infatuation, madness, and, of course, the loss of the last dollar Greene had in the world. Then came another insanity, worse than that of the drunkard and the gambler—the insanity of despair. Instead of going to his berth, he ascended to the hurricane-deck. Then he took off his coat and vest, and wrote on a scrap of paper with a pencil this just legible note:

“TO THE CAPTAIN OF THIS BOAT. Rodden has robbed me when I was drunk, of three thousand dollars, all I have in the world. I am going to drown myself. Please thank Mr. Browne for me, and tell him I am sorry I did not hear to him.

‘JOHN GREENE.’

“This paper he pinned to his vest, and then quietly jumped into the river; but he was not born to be drowned—not that time, any way. There was a cry from the watch on deck, of a man overboard. I sprang out of my state-room with Muster. ‘Save him, Muster!’ said I. The dorg didn’t need another invitation, and he caught him and held him up, just as he showed you, until the steamer’s boat picked them both up, and brought them on board again. The captain came down on Rodden, but Rodden drew a bowie-knife and showed fight. The boat had touched at Memphis, and before anything could be done he broke away and was clear. His mother, elegant and imperturbable as ever, had their baggage taken ashore, and we were soon on our way, like the river, and life, and all that sort of thing, and I forgot all about the adventure. One can’t remember everything, as the man said when he went to the woods to chop and forgot his axe. I got through with my business at New Orleans. It was a city then, full of wealth and beauty, lying, a purple grape, in the sun, full of luscious pulp and sweetness. Well, it is just like a grape skin now, sucked and thrown under foot to be trodden on; but we’ll adjourn that subject.

“On the fifth of May I left New Orleans to return North. I went on board that palace of a boat, Black Hawk, and almost the first person I saw was Rodden’s mother. There she was, with the same stately presence, the same shaven forehead, and false front, the same rich lace and moire antique: to which were now added flashing jewels; and there was the pretty little woman, with her baby, now about a year old, and both dressed in the same showy manner; and presently I saw the hard-faced gambler, Rodden. The young mother and her baby looked pale and ill; the old mother and her hopeful looked flushed and eager for prey. I paid so much attention to those people, and thought so much of what they had probably been doing all winter

in New Orleans, that I rather neglected the other passengers; but the day after we started I observed a particularly green-looking individual, with light flaxen hair, an awkward slouched hat, blue homespun pantaloons, and a butternut-coloured coat, which seemed to me both homespun and home made; he had old yarn gloves on, which he never removed, except to put on some old leather or kid ones. I watched the gambler, for it had somehow transpired that this gawky homespun individual had been to New Orleans with a considerable cargo of bacon and cheese. I thought of poor Greene and his three thousand dollars. One day I saw Rodden and the stranger—‘Ike,’ so he called himself—together.

“‘No matter about my name, mister,’ said he, ‘call me Ike; I’ll answer to that, till the cows come home. You can’t come it over me calling me mister. How do I know but you are one of them fellows that plays poker, and allus wins?’

“‘I never played but three games of poker in my life,’ said Rodden, ‘but I’ll play euchre with you for the drinks.’

“‘No you *don’t*. Look o’ here, mister,’ said he, pulling down the lower eyelash, ‘do you see anything green *there*?’

“‘I see that you have cut your eye-teeth,’ said Rodden. ‘I wouldn’t undertake to cheat you, if cheating was my trade, which, I am happy to say, it is not.’

“‘You don’t say! Good-lookin’, but ye can’t come in. I shan’t play for the drinks, nor for nothin’ else. I promised Susy, when I come away, that I wouldn’t tich a kaird, the hull time I was off; an’ no more I won’t. You see, five thousand dollars’ worth of bacon and cheese wouldn’t be no shakes at all to one o’ them fellers that plays poker.’

“‘That’s so,’ said Rodden. ‘You are wise.’

“‘Yes, an’ that ain’t the hull on’t, for my money’s in the cap’n’s safe, and, what’s more, it’ll stay there till half an hour afore I land.’

“‘At——!’ said Rodden, suggestively.

“‘At—yes, *at*; but where *at* is, you’ll have to find out, for I told Susy I’d keep dark as a woodchuck’s hole, and not talk to nobody mor’n was raily necessary. As to you, I wouldn’t mind tilling you, for I took to you at wunst. You are smart, but you can’t keep a hotel, or you wouldn’t come at me about kairds. You might have known I wouldn’t play, by the looks of me.’

“Rodden was persevering; the man in homespun was firm. The young wife seemed more ill, terrified, and miserable, every hour; the old mother more hard, proud, and imperious. She would take the baby, keep it from its mother, and I believe pinch it, simply to torture the poor woman. Rodden never interfered to protect her. What a life that poor thing was leading, and what a fate for her child! One evening I heard Rodden talking to the gawky man about play.

“‘Look o’ here now,’ said the latter, ‘ef you ever say kairds to me agin, I’ll pitch into ye. I

am a man o' my word, specially when my word's given to Susy. But I have got a pocket full of dice, and they ain't loaded dice nuther. Ef you want to play enough to bet something handsome agin my terbacker box, I'll play with you."

"He drew out a very ancient silver box, of about five dollars' weight, and laid it on the table. Rodden sat down to business, with a gleam in his dark eye that meant mischief. He won it—then lost it. It was lost and won several times, but rested at last in the pocket of the countryman.

"Smart fellow, but you can't keep a hotel, nor win my terbacker-box," said he.

"The next day they played again, and he lost his box, and watch, and thirty dollars; but next time he won again, and so surprisingly, that the gambler lost pretty nearly all he had to lose, and then the countryman refused to play any longer.

"Not to-night, anyhow," said he. "I might be willing to play to-morrow, but I want to sleep with my pockets full one night. I allus put my own money in the cap'n's safe, but I'll keep this ere that was yours, in my berth to-night to sleep on, just for luck."

"That foolish fellow will be robbed to-night," I said to myself, "and maybe murdered." I had such a presentiment of mischief, that I could not go to sleep, and at midnight, when I heard him go to bed, I knocked at his state-room door, and said, "Will you allow me to speak to you?"

"I know what you're gonter say?" said he, "but never you lay awake on my account. I ain't a baby, and I know what that Rodden is gonter do, as well as you do. But he's a barkin' up the wrong tree. Look o' here, mister," said he, and he drew out a tremendous bowie-knife from the back of his neck, and showed me under his pillow a six-shooter. "I reckon these ere will do his business, if he comes arter me and my winnins."

"I left the man, reassured, and returned to my berth, but not to sleep. The boat went snorting and roaring on her way up the gloomy river. It was a high flood, and if any accident happened to the boat, there was a poor chance for the passengers. More than once we had steamed past the floating corpses from burnt or exploded steamers. As I lay thinking of all this, I heard a step. The countryman slept with his door open. He would 'choke to death at onct,' he said, if he didn't get the air. People brought up in log-houses are apt to feel so. I sprang to my feet, and crept towards his state-room. The door was shut. There was the sudden explosion of a pistol, followed by a fierce cry. I opened the door. Rodden had fallen on the floor, but he sprang to his feet, with a cut across his hand, and one of his ears shot off. He dashed out of the door as the countryman exclaimed:

"That varmint!"

"Are you hurt?"

"Not a bit of it." He had a slight cut on

his hand, however. Rodden had scarcely left the state-room when he was grappled by the porter, who, like myself, had been watching him. The porter had seen the brief conflict, which he had not time to prevent. The rascal struggled hard, but he was soon disarmed, bound securely, and locked up in a state-room. His loss of blood helped, perhaps, to conquer him. I asked a lady, who had come from her state-room in a dressing-gown to indulge her natural curiosity, to go to the poor wife and tell her the sad truth, that her husband was wounded and a felon.

"Oh, what have I not suffered with him and her!" said she, wringing her little hands. "If I could but return to my once happy home!"

"And why can you not?" asked the lady. It was the old, old story. She had run away from home and married a showy scamp without the consent of her parents. The captain, the countryman, and I, went aside to consult as to what was to be done.

"Wait a minute," said the countryman; and he went into his state-room, and next instant came out in a dressing-gown, another and a natural head of hair, and without the everlasting old gloves. It was my acquaintance Mr. Browne, and a capital actor too.

"I determined to serve out that fellow if I ever had a chance to do so," said he, "when he robbed that poor carpenter, and drove him crazy. He got cured of that by a small dose of water-cure in the Mississippi, and the help of Muster. I shall hunt him up, and give him back his money."

"Muster wagged his tail, as if he remembered all about it, and approved of returning the cash.

"The poor little wife decided to return home. The mother, deprived of her son, did not attempt to keep her ill-used daughter-in-law.

"When Rodden found that he was to be taken to the jail at Maysville, he sent for his wife. 'It's all up with me for the present,' said he. 'They have got me soul. You had better go home, Lib, and stay with the old folks, and behave yourself. Mother is no fit company for you, unless I am about.'

"The little wife answered only with her sobs. She held the baby for his father to kiss him, but she did not offer him her own lips or cheek. He was her tyrant no longer. She had found friends. She would escape. We took her to her paternal home on the Ohio, and saw her kindly received by a worthy father and loving mother. Mr. Browne went with me, and left a thousand dollars of the sum he had won from Rodden, in her father's hands.

"Rodden was tried for a murderous assault with intent to rob, and sent to the penitentiary for twenty-five years. He will be sixty when he has served out his time. The mother tried hard to save him, and may get him pardoned after a while. The little wife became an exemplary and happy mother.

"I don't keep up acquaintance with all the world and his wife, because I can't; but I keep track of Mr. Browne, and when he is acting in England—with another name that I won't men-

tion—and I'm in America, I feel lonesome, that's a fact."

As Jeremiah finished his story, we came near to Memphis, and all landed, safe and sound, from the Jacob Swan.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

It is a fair tradition, one of old,
That, at the Gate of Heaven called Beautiful,
The souls of those to whom we ministered
On Earth, shall greet us as we enter in
With grateful records of those lowly deeds
Of Christian charity, wherewith frail man
Proffers his humble loan unto his Lord.

May we not so believe, since He hath said
That, inasmuch as it was done to one
Of those his little ones, 'twas done to him?

Oh, think if this be true, how many eyes
Whose weeping thou hast stilled, shall glisten there,
How many hearts whose burthen thou hast shared,
And heavy feet whose steps were turned by thee,
Back to their homes elastic through the joy
Of new found hope, and sympathy, and love,
Shall welcome thee within the Gates of Bliss,
The Golden City of Jerusalem!

THE CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES.

THOROUGH trustworthiness is as the soul of honour. It is something to have fought and bled for one's country by sea or land, and to have retired with wounds upon a good name and a pension. But many a brave soldier invalided upon a pension that is not a livelihood has found it more desirable than possible to make the crown a pound. Now, however, there is one thing, at any rate, that he may do to that end. The invalided soldier and sailor may be proud to enter a well-disciplined corps that earns for the wearer of its uniform the confidence of strangers, and enables him to live by his honour in a calling that depends for its very existence upon the trustworthiness of those who follow it. Any corps organised for the service of the public upon such terms is one of which the invalided soldier may make it a really noble object of ambition to uphold the good name himself, and to keep the more thoughtless of his comrades from abusing it.

There is now firmly established such a corps of trusty pensioners ready to be useful in many ways to the people of London and some other of our great cities, but especially of London, in the Corps of Commissionaires. It was established about five years ago by Captain Edward Walter, who saw—in the creation of such a body of industrious volunteers pledging themselves to the necessary strictness of discipline—a way of giving honourable employment to the invalided soldiers and sailors who deserve well of their country, but with the best will in the world to earn their bread, find it very difficult to earn anything beyond the scanty pension to which

they have become entitled by wounds and good service.

There is continual want, all over town, of a direct and safe hand by which to secure the immediate transmission of messages, letters, parcels; want, in short, of a ready and complete supplement to the postal service in which anything can be done that lies within the power of a prompt, intelligent, and faithful messenger. The disabled soldier cannot stand with his medals on his breast at the street corner as an isolated applicant for trust of this sort. To do that, he must beg by word of mouth or by placard, for the public confidence in himself as a poor and unknown speculator, so taking a degrading road to an extremely doubtful end. But, let the trustworthy men be banded together in a corps as well disciplined as any in her Majesty's service, let the discipline asked for by these men on their own behalf be notoriously such, and so firmly maintained that want of integrity in any one entails certain dismissal, and the uniform of such a corps will be the dress of gentlemen, though worn only by men who have seen active service in positions technically below the grade of the commissioned officer. The dress will be the badge even of more wealth than that which clothed Dives in purple and fine linen:

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth through the meanest habit.

Give the corps a distinctive name as the Corps of Commissionaires, military organisation under a clear ruling head, and an easily known uniform, which is not a "mean habit" for honour to peer through, and each Commissionaire may take his daily post in the way of business with the credit of the entire corps placed to his account. This uniform tells not only what his business is, but that he may be trusted in it, and the life that was committed to forced idleness and poverty becomes honourably useful, and is saved from the pinch of want.

Captain Walter having hit upon this method of befriending the old soldier, not only suggested it, but carried it out by his own personal energy. He began with seven men. By steady increase from year to year, that number has already grown to two hundred and sixty-four. Twenty of these are in out-quarters; one hundred and twenty are in permanent situations, exclusively employed in great houses of business, or wherever else there may be continual need of a reliable messenger. Of the Commissionaires stationed conveniently at various points in the streets of London, there are fifty in the east central, and forty-nine in the west central districts; while there are twenty at the headquarters down Exchange-court, in the Strand, ready for immediate service from that station, or for temporary supply of any post from which the Commissionaire who attends it has been sent on a duty that will keep him more than four hours

absent. The staff was increased by thirty men in the Exhibition year, and is at all times ready to grow to the extent warranted by the requirements of the public. Clever Commissionaires are always on the look-out for a new post, and the man who finds a new post, keeps it for six months, and proves it to have been well chosen, gets a gratuity of ten shillings out of the funds of the corps. A good post is one that yields an average of from three shillings to three-and-sixpence a day; three-and-sixpence a day represents the highest average earning of the Commissionaire, in addition to his pension from the country, and to this scale the charge of a guinea a week for the permanent attachment of a Commissionaire to any house or institution is adjusted.

The great post is of course the Royal Exchange, which finds full duty for one-and-twenty members of the corps, besides half a dozen or more counterfeits, these being old members discharged for dishonesty, or others, who imitate as closely as they safely can the uniform of the corps, but are always to be distinguished from the honest men by being unable to give their employers the right ticket. This ticket, for the protection of the corps as well as for his own security, every employer of a Commissionaire should take on giving him any commission. It furnishes the means of identifying the Commissionaire at his headquarters in case of neglect or imposition, and as it has upon it the badge of the corps and the signature, "Charles Handford, Sergeant, Corps of Commissionaires," the man who is not really a member of the corps is unable to give it. Again, on the back of the Commissionaire's ticket is printed the tariff of charges; and overcharge is, by the rules of the corps, a breach of discipline punished for the first offence by a fine of double the amount, the fine being made payable to the person overcharged, with a request that he will send it as a donation to King's College Hospital—that being the hospital which undertakes the medical care of the corps. The second offence, if wilful, is punished by immediate dismissal. Again, the holder of the printed ticket, and he only, holds the guarantee of the corps for the safety of property up to the value of ten pounds, or up to twenty pounds where a Commissionaire wearing chevrons has been employed.

The average rate of earnings shows that the tariff cannot be lower than it is; and it is low enough to justify a constantly increasing habit among the public of employing the Commissionaires. Among the pensioners in the corps was an old Waterloo soldier, who lately died, and was ready with the rest to walk with a message or a parcel his half mile for twopence, or his mile for threepence, or to be paid for his trusty service at the rate of sixpence an hour, with a condition that, if no fare was paid for him by boat, rail, or omnibus, two miles and a half an hour should be his slowest pace. In carrying large parcels, a penny a mile is charged for every seven pounds

over a stone. That Waterloo man had a right to take his ease in Chelsea Hospital, where he would have cost the country fifty pounds a year; but he preferred earning the fifty pounds, by thus giving valuable labour for it. There is an old soldier now in this corps who wears seven medals. There is another who has been wounded in the head, has lost an ear, has had his left arm removed at the socket, and is wounded in the right hand, yet, thanks to this corps, he is not disabled from living by his industry. The youngest man in the corps is a pensioner of one-and-twenty, who has been shot through the neck, and invalidated upon a shilling a day; the oldest is of more than threescore, a one-armed Commissionaire who stands at the Post-office. Of the two hundred and sixty-four men now in the corps, forty are sailors. It is open also to members of the police force who have been wounded in the performance of their duty, but at present it contains none but those who have been soldiers or sailors.

Such is the general character of a corps which owes its existence not only to the first suggestion, but also to the continued active support and superintendence of its founder. The seven men who were the first members of the corps when it was founded, in February, eighteen 'fifty-nine, could be managed with an occasional hour's supervision. As the corps grew, the resolve to establish it firmly by strict individual attention to its interests led to a regular demand for the voluntary and gratuitous expenditure of at least eight hours' daily labour. From the founder, also, and his personal friends, the corps received loans amounting to about a thousand pounds for the furniture of barracks, establishment of the band of Commissionaires—which may now be heard playing of evenings before sunset in the Cambridge enclosure of St. James's Park (and through which, with help of a school, sons of Commissionaires are trained for band service in the army)—for adjutant's salary, and other charges. It is now time for the public to secure permanence to an institution of proved value to itself, and to a body of men peculiarly deserving of its favours. The thousand pounds that have been lent, the founder and his friends put out of consideration; and the corps of Commissionaires, out of debt, requires only a permanent organisation. Of that we will speak presently. Let us first give a few more exact details of the organisation to which only assured permanence is wanting.

No man can be a Commissionaire unless he has served in the Army, Navy, Militia, or Police, and earned a pension. His character must bear the strictest examination. Preference is given to men who have been severely wounded when on duty. Soldiers of good character but broken health, whose temporary pensions have expired, may be Commissionaires if they deposit twenty-five pounds in the savings-bank of the corps, which money will be liable to forfeiture in case of dishonesty proved against them in a court of justice. Commissionaires whose pensions expire

after they have joined, do not remain in the corps unless they have been promoted to the first class. There are two classes, and every man on his appointment is placed in the second, where he must remain at least three months. If found smart and intelligent, punctual in payments, and for three months have no serious breakage of rule charged against him, the second-class man is promoted to the first class, his remaining in it being dependent on continued merit. By twelve months' good service in the first class, the Commissionaire earns the good-conduct badge, and only the men who have made their way to the good-conduct badge get the good posts, or are recommended to permanent situations. After twelve months' possession of the first good-conduct badge, a second bar is earned if the Commissionaire has laid by five pounds in the savings-bank; and upon like conditions more bars may be added afterwards.

No man enters the Corps of Commissionaires otherwise than at his own particular request after signing a form of agreement, together with the rules and regulations, and paying one pound as guarantee, which is forfeited in case of dismissal from the corps, but returned in case of resignation, after any sum that he may owe to the corps has been deducted. To his voluntary pledge the Commissionaire is very strictly held; for, upon this, depends the public confidence, which is his bread in his new calling. Provision is made for strict and just enforcement of the regulations. The men are soldiers trained to discipline, of which they might not always have seen the use; as Commissionaires, they cannot fail to see that upon the credit of the corps, and the known strictness of its discipline, depends the value of the uniform of the Commissionaire as passport to a kind of employment that involves much trust, and is the more honourable in being trust from strangers who are content to know him by his company, his uniform, and his credentials.

To each man his post is assigned. He attends morning parade at half-past eight on summer mornings, and at nine in winter, reporting himself in a book kept for the purpose at some place that may be used as the depôt of his station, takes his stand, trim and soldier-like, at his appointed place. He must be clean and neat. There is a fine of threepence for appearing at parade unshaven, long-haired, or with clothes out of repair. He must wear his hair according to the custom of her Majesty's service, but is advised to grow a beard and moustache. He is not to lounge at his post, nor to quit it, unless employed, nor to converse with persons of discreditable appearance. He is not to smoke in the streets; the fine for so doing being a shilling. He is not to enter a public-house during the hours of duty. When he has to ask his way, he must apply at a respectable shop of another kind, or ask a policeman. It is expected that, for the credit of the corps, Commissionaires will abstain from frequenting public-houses at all

times. Drunkenness is punished with dismissal.

When employed, the Commissionaire must give notice of his absence from his post, and of the probable duration of his absence, to the principal post of his district; and, if his time of absence will exceed four hours, he is to send notice to head-quarters, in order that his place may be supplied, and other employers may not be inconvenienced by his absence. As all employment of the corps is distributed with due regard to the interests of the whole body, no man may take special employment without leave, and no leave is given for the employment of a Commissionaire in delivering circulars more than a quarter of a mile from his post between the hours of nine in the morning and five in the evening. With such cautions and provisions against removing a man from his post, the delivery of bills and circulars is undertaken as a regular part of the occasional business of the Commissionaire. The Commissionaire is expected, when possible, to avoid giving short notice of any desired leave of absence, as it is a principle of the corps that no post, when once established, shall be left vacant for a single day.

Permanent employment is distributed, as far as the wishes of employers will permit, to men of the first class by seniority. When a club, bank, hotel, or other house of business, asks for the exclusive use of a Commissionaire, it is requested that choice will be made from the first three men on the roster, and that the first will be taken if he be not unfit; but the full satisfaction of employers and the welfare of the corps being identical, any man specially qualified for a particular employment is allowed to take it. The Commissionaire privately employed, if he have leave of absence from Sunday and Wednesday parade, must report himself weekly at head-quarters, at some time convenient to his employer, between seven o'clock on Wednesday morning and eleven A.M. on Thursday.

In the office of the Commissionaires' barracks, down Exchange-court, in the Strand, is a sergeant-major on duty between half-past eight in the morning and five in the evening. He inspects the men detailed for duty during the day, sees that they are rightly distributed, keeps the log-book, the descriptive record of the men, the daily attendance book, and the address book of men living out of barracks, and he has charge of the correspondence of the corps, acknowledging if not answering every letter by return of post.

The discipline of the men is military, their relation to their sergeant-major and the non-commissioned officers is that of soldiers, and "every Commissionaire will, on all occasions, pay the usual compliments to military bodies, and never omit the customary salutes to officers of her Majesty's service dressed in uniform." A scale of fines assures strictness of discipline, and as the fines are for offences against the general

welfare and interest of the corps, when incurred they are never wholly remitted, unless they be fines under fourpence for small oversights in men against whom no fault has been recorded for three months.

Careful provision has been made, also, for the establishment and safe maintenance of a Sick and Burial Fund, and every Commissaire is required to provide for his days of infirmity by beginning, within three months after his appointment to the corps, to lay by not less than a shilling in the savings-bank of the corps, or in some other institution or security approved by the commanding officer. Of this he may not without leave withdraw more than the interest, or any money that he has deposited in excess of the rate of a shilling a week; but all that has accumulated will be paid to him, without deduction, within a fortnight of his resignation or dismissal. The money in the savings-bank cannot be forfeited except by conviction of dishonesty in a court of law, and then only to the extent necessary to make good the loss occasioned by the act of which the offender is convicted.

The rifle-green tunic, forage cap, winter trousers with red beading, summer trousers, pouch and belt, waterproof cape and great-coat, forming the uniform of the Commissaire, are provided out of the Clothing Fund, to which he pays for it eightpence a week. When he quits the corps, the uniform must be returned into the quartermaster's store.

There is also a General Fund, to which every Commissaire pays five shillings on joining the corps, and subscribes afterwards a shilling a month; it is to this fund that the fines are paid. When a Commissaire gets permanent employment he pays the amount of a week's profit from it to the General Fund, and for temporary employment given from head-quarters he pays a penny in the shilling. Men stationed on public posts keep their whole earnings without deduction, except when they obtain employment through the office. The General Fund is liable for the payment of non-commissioned officers of the corps, and other incidental expenses of the system, and it is charged with all losses occurring to the corps.

But it is clear that this General Fund, raised by the most equitable forms of taxation on the men, can only yield a very small exchequer. All the funds are for the benefit of the men, and no profit whatever is deducted from them. The Clothing Fund pays the wages of the quartermaster sergeant who serves that department; but, beyond that, is actually spent upon the clothes. If any cheapness of material leaves money in hand after the regulation dress of fixed quality and pattern has been furnished, the money is paid back to the men in the shape of a pair of boots every year or every two years. The pensions of the men are all made payable at Regent's Park Barracks, and on pension-day each Commissaire settles outstanding accounts with his corps. But the amount that goes to

the General Fund can never, with fairness to the men, be made to bear the entire cost of managing the corps.

And so we come back to the difficulty which the public is now asked to come and see and conquer. Hitherto it has been met by the unstinted liberality of the founder of this admirable institution, but he cannot live for ever; and, if he could, it would be poor return for his beneficent care and thought in the creation and complete organisation of such a corps, that he should be required to slave for the rest of his days over the mechanical superintendence of its details. He has made a machine complete in every part, capable of important service; he has turned it out in the finest working order, as a free gift to the public, and is the maker and donor of the engine to be paid by the demand that he shall be also for the rest of his life its stoker and driver? The founder of this corps asks nothing for himself, but the assurance that what he has created and set going will henceforth be kept going and put to its right use. Essential to the existence of the corps is a staff that shall be the centre of its discipline. The annual expense of a sufficient staff is calculated at a very modest sum—three hundred and fifty pounds.

From the regiments and ships of army and navy, for whose invalided men it makes thoughtful provision, and from the busy men of wealthy London, to whom this corps is becoming every year more valuable, it ought to be most easy to obtain as much friendly and considerate help as would fill up the measure of a slender endowment fund, and make the corps of Commissaires a permanent institution, expanding and doing its good service evermore. Eight thousand pounds will be an adequate endowment. It is proposed by the founder that subscribers of ten pounds to the Endowment Fund shall be life governors of the corps, and that a regiment whose united subscriptions amount to twenty-five pounds shall be perpetual governor, with a right to nominate one of its body to watch over its interests. It is proposed, also, that the governors thus constituted meet annually to elect trustees, and that the future trustees appoint the commanding officer, and see that the fundamental rules are carried out.

An Endowment Fund, then, is now being raised, and Sir J. Y. Scarlett, Generals Brook Taylor and David Russell, Colonel H. A. White, Colonel Wetherall, Colonel Shadwell, and Colonel Sargent, have consented to act as its provisional trustees. Subscriptions are received by Messrs. Cox and Co., Army Agents, Craig's-court, Charing-cross, or at any of the branches of the Westminster Bank, but there is no reason in nature why it should not rain small money and postage stamps upon the sergeant-major of the corps at the barracks in Exchange-court, Strand, W.C. The small additional cost of management that will be caused by the certain growth of the corps

would be met by the consequent increase of the General Fund, so that the slender endowment really would give us for good and all the use of an institution that has few equals for its practical union of many uses with a most beneficent design.

MURDER BY MISTAKE.

It was my fortune, in the year eighteen hundred and—, to be quartered with my regiment in the Bermudas, that picturesque group of coral-formed islands, which, by a corruption of the name of Sir George Summers, the first governor of the colony, who was shipwrecked there, has erroneously been called "The Summer Isles." In one respect, indeed, the name is not misapplied, for, so far as climate is concerned, eternal summer reigns throughout the year, the coldest winds from the north, in January and February, only reducing the mercury in the thermometer to the level of "temperate," while, for the remaining ten months, the heat of the dog-star rages.

Seen, as I saw the islands first, they present an aspect of incomparable beauty. Navigation, as practised on board the old transports, was not always a science of extreme accuracy, and the tub which contained the head-quarters of the regiment to which I belonged made the southern shore of the principal Bermudian island first, instead of bearing down upon it from the opposite quarter, seeing that we had sailed from the north, our port of departure being Halifax, in Nova Scotia. It was about noon when we came in sight of a low range of cedar-covered hills, separated from the deep water on which we floated by a long ominous line of surf, and knew that we had reached the "still-vest Bermoothes,"—called by their first discoverers, the Spaniards, "Los Diabolos," and believed by all mariners to be inhabited by devils and other evil spirits, until the true relation of "Edward Strachey, Esq." (A. D. 1610). swept away the tradition, and "delivered the world from a fowle and dangerous error." The wind being light, we coasted slowly along this breaker-beaten shore, keeping the coral reefs at a most respectful distance, and it was only as the day declined—a native pilot having meanwhile come on board—that we found ourselves abreast of an entrance to the great harbour, practicable only for small boats. As the transport could not reach the proper channel till the following morning, a small party of us, impelled by the natural impatience of landmen to get on shore, availed ourselves of the pilot's boat, and left the ship that evening. The moon rose soon after we quitted the vessel, and was fast climbing the skies, when the boat shot beneath the steep cliff of a frontier island crowned by a ruinous fort. Just then the breeze fell, and we lay becalmed, but only for a few moments, ours being quickly out to supply the want of sail. The scene was one of extreme

loveliness, and presented an effect almost theatrical, so sudden was the change within the rocky barrier. The dazzling moonlight fell on snow-white walls of scattered cottages, half buried in thickets of perfumed cedars; the clear blue heavens were fretted with golden stars of unusual size; the sea sparkled round our track, and was dashed in gleams of fire from the boatmen's oars; and our way lay amongst innumerable islets, whose outline was marked by the graceful foliage of the feathery palmetto. A mind filled with poetical ideas, such as that of a young man of two-and-twenty, with no more knowledge of the world than usually belongs to that age, might readily have fancied that in a fairy region like this no evil could possibly dwell, but youthful impressions by moonlight are not the safest to rely upon.

For nearly a couple of hours we threaded our course through this bay of islands till a wider harbour opened before us, and lying in a complete amphitheatre of cedar-crowned hills, the glittering town of St. George's came in sight. This was our destination, and, after answering the challenge of the sentinel posted on the landing wharf, we stepped on shore, admiring the beauty and perfect tranquillity of the place. It was a small square, surrounded on three sides by lofty white buildings, each with its broad dark green balcony, and shaded by rows of that graceful tree called locally "The Pride of India," a species of *Fraxinus*, whose leaves resemble the mountain ash, and whose lilac flowers cluster like those of the laburnum. We involuntarily stopped before the largest of these houses, hoping that it was the hotel, but we were mistaken; it was only the residence of one of the leading merchants of St. George's, its doors hospitably open as those of an inn to all comers by daylight, but at that hour closed in the peaceful sleep that wrapped the whole town. It was not very long afterwards that this quiet spot presented a very different appearance.

Garrison towns, in small colonies like the Bermudas, owe their chief social attraction to the free intercourse which prevails between the military and official occupants and the wealthier storekeepers. There was, at the period I am speaking of, the Government House for great occasions, but the real enjoyment of society was mainly to be found in the pleasant abodes of the mercantile community. Foremost of this class in St. George's was a gentleman named F—, the portal of whose house might well have borne the inscription which I have seen in one of the old Italian cities,—Sienna, if I remember rightly,—where "Patet janua, cor magis" assures the guests that the heart offers even a readier welcome than the unclosed entrance. This generous-minded man was everybody's friend, less for the sake of his large hospitality than for the personal merits by which he was distinguished. He was of a frank and cheerful nature, by no means unlettered, though a very slight acquaintance with books went a long way in those islands, and was

seldom of native growth; he had made many voyages in the earlier part of his prosperous career, was shrewd and observant, his conversation abounded in curious anecdote, and few whom I have known deserved the epithet of "good fellow" better than Henry F—. At the time of our arrival in Bermuda, F—, a tall, stout, handsome man, was some five-and-thirty years of age, and had been married about three, to one of those pale, delicate, dark-eyed Bermudian girls, whom Moore the poet has rightly described as not absolutely handsome, but having an affectionate languor in their look and manner which interests even more than beauty. Two children were already the fruits of this marriage, and there was the promise of a third at no very distant date.

Such was F—'s condition, and if ever a man was happy, he seemed and deserved to be so. To complete this sketch of his domestic relations, I must add that his only sister was the wife of Dr. H—, a surgeon on the staff then quartered at St. George's, a man of high medical attainments, but of somewhat irascible disposition, the hot temper of the Highlander often declaring itself on very slight provocation.

The laissez-aller of colonial life is highly favourable to the establishment of friendly feelings amongst the classes that mingle together on terms of equality. Here and there the morgue of the English aristocrat leads some silly fellow to affect to look down upon the storekeeper, but in a general way the case is completely reversed; and with reason—to speak of self-interest only—for the storekeeper is, for the most part, the banker of the stranger in the colony, and if accommodation in cashing bills be required, to him must the application for money be referred. There was no one in Bermuda who met an officer's wants more promptly than F—. He gave, perhaps, no higher premium than others, for his dealings were strictly commercial; but he never made a difficulty of advancing cash on the simple word of the applicant, and the confidence he displayed met with a corresponding return; the banker became, in every instance, the friend of the person whom he accommodated; assuredly, among the rest, he was mine.

A young military officer has not much in his power to offer in requital for the kindness he receives at the hands of a civilian. His opportunity is generally confined to an invitation to the regimental mess, on what is known in the army as "a stranger day." F— soon became a frequent guest with us, and at last it came to my turn to be his host. We had then been about three months in the island, and hearing that the messman had secured a fine turtle—there had, moreover, been a gale of wind, bringing a quantity of golden plover to the island, some of which were safe to figure in his bill of fare—I sent a note to F—, asking him to dine with me on the following "stranger day." He accepted at once, not formally, but in jocose terms, alluding to the extra attractions of the

forthcoming banquet, for he had heard of the turtle and plover, and expressing a playful regret that it was not the season for whale, assuring me, as was the fact, that amongst Bermudian dainties the flesh of the young mammal held a prominent place. He concluded by saying that he was content to "rough it," on what he understood was the chosen fare of the British aldermen. I showed his merry note to several of my brother-officers, and they all declared how glad they were to find that F— was coming to dine again so soon.

The barracks at St. George's stand—unless their site has been altered—on the table-land of a height that completely commands the town and harbour, at a distance from the former of little more than a quarter of a mile. Like the greater part of the buildings in Bermuda, though there are exceptions—for instance, the storekeepers' houses in St. George's-square—the barracks consist of only a ground floor, and make up in length for what they lack in height. The officers' quarters, separated from those of the men, occupy the southern extremity of the parade-ground, where the hill slightly slopes towards the harbour, and this inclination of the soil is remedied by a higher foundation, to preserve the level of the long verandah which stretches along the entire front of the building. The verandah was our great place of rendezvous, whatever the occasion; whether a ship-of-war were reported in sight, the signal espied on Telegraph-hill announcing the arrival of the mail-packet from Halifax, the fact of a whale having been seen "blowing" in the offing, or the daily advent of the dinner-hour. On the evening when F— was my expected "friend," the usual muster had taken place, all the other guests were assembled, the drummer had beaten the Roast Beef of Old England—the military dinner-bell—but there was a pause before entering the mess-room. "Are we waiting for anybody?" was the general question. The answer from more than one was, that "C—'s, friend" had not yet arrived. "Who is he?" was the next inquiry; and when the delinquent was named a considerable amount of good-humoured reviling was uttered at his expense. "Well," said the colonel, whose sobriquet was Redgauntlet, on account of his descent from the family of the hero of Walter Scott's last novel, "at the risk of cooling the turtle soup, and mulling the claret, we will give him five minutes more. The fellow is so fond of his pretty wife that he can't bear to leave her, I suppose. We must put down all the married ladies in the island!" "Better invite them, too, sir!" said a gay young ensign. "I'll tell you what," retorted the bachelor colonel, "if any officer of mine ventures to be merely civil to a lady, so long as I command the regiment, I'll bring him to a general court-martial. It is an offence provided for in my copy of the Articles of War, and the penalty is—" "Death, I suppose, colonel!" said the former speaker; "for my part, I accept my fate." "You are right, you young dog! Death by dancing, or

such other punishment as by the general court-martial shall be awarded." In light nonsense of this kind the permitted five minutes—and another five to boot—were consumed; but when it began to draw near a quarter of an hour, the impatient colonel would wait no longer. "Play the Roast Beef again," he said; "if he hears it, coming up the hill, he must run for it. Now let us go in." He beckoned to me, however, as he led the way, and observed: "Your servant is a smart light-infantry man, send him down to hurry up this laggard." John Hurley, the man the colonel spoke of, was a quick, intelligent Irishman, and I despatched him on his errand. "Never fear, sir," said he, "but I'll bring him along before the drum has done bating."

We accordingly took our places at table, and began dinner, a seat being left, like Banquo's, unfilled. It was my own simile, and little did I imagine that its application would prove literally true. But ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, before John Hurley burst into the mess-room, pale and breathless.

"Please your honour," he exclaimed, addressing me, "Mr. F—— has been kilt!"

Every one started to his feet at this abrupt announcement; a hundred questions were asked in a moment, all resolving themselves into the inquiry from the colonel: "What on earth do you mean? Are you drunk, man? Speak out!"

"It's not drunk I am, colonel! Niver a drop of liquor has passed my lips since I took my mornin', and if I were to spake as loud as a gun I could only say that Mr. F—— had been shot!"

"How? By whom?" asked a dozen voices.

"Some blaggard Moodian, bad luck to him! I don't know his name," returned Hurley.

"Has the fellow been taken?" demanded the colonel.

"Not he, sir," replied Hurley. "As soon as he did it, he was off like the shot he'd just fired, laving Mr. F—— kilt upon the ground where he fell."

"Mr. Adjutant," said the colonel, addressing me no longer by name, but by the designation of my position in the regiment, "get a sergeant's party under arms, and send out patrols to scour the island. No ammunition, mind! The scoundrel must be taken alive!"

I quitted the mess-room hastily, leaving all in confusion behind. Merely stopping at my room for an instant to buckle on my sword, I hurried to the orderly-room, summoned the sergeant-major, and gave the colonel's order briefly, stating for what purpose the men were wanted. There was no need to claim the first for duty; a dozen volunteered at once. We took those that came, while a score or two more, in their fatigue dresses, set off like wildfire, eager for the chase. Heading the armed party, I also followed rapidly to the town. We learnt on the road that the report of Mr. F—— being killed was not absolutely true; he was, however, desperately

wounded, having been shot in the groin, and had been carried to his own house. Thither we proceeded, and found a large crowd gathered in front of it—almost the entire population of the place—restless and clamorous, as coloured people under excitement always are. I then, for the first time, heard the name of the assassin, coupled with the confirmation of Hurley's news that he had made his escape. He proved to be one Joel Tucker, the master of a small schooner, trading habitually between St. George's and Norfolk, in Virginia. What was his motive for the crime he had committed nobody could tell, as nothing was known of his having ever been on bad terms with Mr. F——. On the contrary, he had often been favoured by the latter with freights when others were desirous of having them on equal terms; and his last return voyage was a consignment to Mr. F——, who had been heard to express himself to Tucker as quite satisfied with the result of the business transacted between them. The man, however, did not stand well in anybody's estimation. Acts of cruelty to his "hands"—all coloured men and boys—were related of him, and he was held to be of a surly, revengeful disposition; but still the question arose, What cause of quarrel had he with Mr. F——?

While this information—such as it was—was being given, the victim of the assassination was lying insensible, unable to give any account of what had occurred. His brother-in-law, Dr. H——, was by his bedside, where sat his poor forlorn young wife, now just on the point of being again a mother. She had scarcely spoken beyond the first exclamation of horror and dismay; put no persuasion could induce her to leave the post she occupied, even while the surgical examination was made to ascertain the extent of the sufferer's injury. The wound, which could not be probed, was evidently a very dangerous one, and from its outward appearance, and the state of Mr. F——'s, clothes, which were much burnt, it was plain that the pistol had been fired close to his body. Internal hemorrhage was feared, and this apprehension was shared with Dr. H—— by the rest of the surgeons of the garrison, who all, as the news of the event reached them, were in attendance. It would have answered no purpose, under the circumstances, for me to have intruded into the sick-room; indeed, all but the medical men were strictly excluded; having, therefore, distributed my party with full instructions, I returned to the barracks to report what I knew to the colonel. Redgauntlet was a man of a very impetuous character, and chafed exceedingly at the imperfect information I was only able to give. He was not only the commandant of the garrison, but, in the absence of Sir H—— T——, the governor, not yet arrived from England, the civil as well as the military authority over the Bermudas was temporarily delegated to him; and being his military secretary as well as his regimental adjutant, I had plenty of work to do, though much of it was superfluous. On

this occasion, greatly moved to anger by the tragical event which had occurred while the islands were under his control, and considering himself personally responsible for the result, he dictated a number of impulsive orders, which I had to reduce to writing. This occupation detained me for several hours; but towards midnight I was released, and the first use I made of my freedom was to return to F——'s house, to ascertain his condition.

A great change had taken place. Poor F—— had recovered his consciousness, had been able to tell the story of the crime of which he was the victim, but he was a dying man, and the statement he made was a deposition which those who heard it formally attested. His words were to the following effect: "Being engaged to dine at the mess of the —— Regiment, I dressed about half-past five this afternoon, and shortly afterwards went out, meaning to walk gently up to the barracks. I had got as far as the lane which turns on the left hand towards Government House, and was passing by, when I heard some one calling out to me by name to stop, and looking round, I saw a man in whom, though it was almost dusk, I at once recognised Joel Tucker. He was running fast down the lane towards me, and on his nearer approach I saw that he held a pistol in his hand, and seemed to be greatly excited. 'What is the matter, Tucker?' I asked. 'What are you doing with that pistol?' 'What I want to do with it,' he answered, 'I'll tell you.' Then he added, with an oath: 'I've been looking for your —— brother-in-law. He wasn't at home, but I'll shoot him wherever I find him!' 'You must be mad, Tucker,' I said. 'What harm has he done you?' 'Mad!' he repeated; 'maybe I am; but mad or not, I'll have his blood! Harm? Harm enough to make me take his life.' Knowing the violence of the man's character, I tried to calm him. 'Come, come, Tucker,' I said, 'something has put you out, and, in your mistaken anger, you are laying the blame on my brother-in-law. Why, he's as good a friend to you as I am, or as any one in the island.' 'Mistaken,' he replied; 'no, I'm not such a fool as that. As if I didn't know who it was last week before I got home that drove my pigs out of his Indian corn, and nearly cut one of 'em in two with his cursed hoe. A pretty friend he is—and you, perhaps, are just such another.' 'Never mind me,' I said; 'let us talk about H——. Surely you don't bear malice for such a thing as that, and so long, too? He was in a passion, I dare say, and never meant to hurt the animal—only wanted to drive it away, and struck it accidentally.' 'I won't strike *him* accidentally,' was Tucker's reply. 'I'll blow his brains out wherever I meet him.' 'I must prevent that,' said I. 'I know you don't mean what you say; but you must give me your pistol.' 'Where is H——?' he asked. 'Tell me where the —— is hiding?' 'I don't know,' I replied; 'and,' I added, 'I certainly would not tell you if I did.' 'You wouldn't!' exclaimed Tucker, coming close up to me. 'No, I would

not,' I answered firmly. 'Then take that!' he cried; and standing about a yard off, levelled his weapon and fired. I remember nothing more."

Life was ebbing fast when I was admitted to F——'s room. He was still lying where he had originally been placed, and, as the surgeons supposed, was sinking from internal bleeding. He had, however, recollection enough left to know me, and strength enough to press my hand and say "Good-by." A few minutes after, all was over on earth with one of the kindest men that ever breathed. It was a sad night for that house, and for all who knew the fate that had befallen its owner. Mrs. F——, seized with violent convulsions, was removed to her own room, which she did not leave for some months, her form wasted, her health shattered, with only her two orphans to comfort her, the child being still-born, of which she was confined a few hours after her husband's death. A single night had wrought all this woe—a single night, and no cause for the murder, that made it woful! The man who felt the blow most was, naturally, Dr. H——; he showed its effect in the care he took of poor F——'s widow, to whom he became more than a brother.

For all reasons, for justice' sake, for that of friendship, pity, and, it must be owned, the desire of vengeance, no exertion was spared by any of us in the endeavour to apprehend the murderer. There was no necessity for the circulation of hand-bills, the tragedy being in everybody's mouth from one end of the island to the other, but a notice, offering a large reward, and fully describing the person of Joel Tucker, for the information of those to whom it was not known, appeared in the Bermuda Gazette—but neither this notification, nor the unsuccessful search, were productive of any immediate result. Every morning, for six successive days, rumours were spread that Tucker had been taken; the long verandah was the scene of perpetual consultation, where, when the reports were found to be groundless, devices were suggested for effecting the murderer's capture. At last, information came on which, we thought, reliance might be placed. It was stated by a mulatto, named Isaac Forbes, a fisherman who lived in a lonely cottage on that part of the "main"—as the largest island is called, which partly enriches King's Harbour, the waters we crossed on the evening of our arrival in Bermuda—that returning home late at night he had seen a figure stealing through a thicket in the neighbourhood of the Admiral's Cave, whom he thoroughly believed was Joel Tucker. He had reason enough for knowing him, having once sailed in his vessel, and suffered severely from the cruelty with which Tucker was in the habit of treating his crew.

Amongst the natural curiosities of Bermuda, the most remarkable are the numerous caves which undermine the islands in so many places. Many of them penetrate to great distances, and all are of extraordinary beauty; the profusion,

size, and wondrous forms of the stalactites far exceeding what is generally met with elsewhere. Of these, the one just mentioned is the finest; and, as it branches off into various unexplored cavities, no better place of concealment can well be imagined. The probability, therefore, was greatly in favour of the supposition that Tucker had taken refuge in the Admiral's Cave, though how he had managed to subsist for so many days was a question not easy to answer. It may be asked why so obvious a place of refuge was not thought of in the first instance; but it arose from the fact that when the troops were sent out in search of him, on the night of the murder, the party which proceeded to the extremity of St. George's Island, which is separated from the "main" by a deep and rapid channel of the sea, were assured by the ferry-master that no one had crossed that evening; and ever since a guard had been posted there, whose duty it was to examine every one who attempted to pass that way. Yet, if the assertion of Forbes could be relied on, the murderer had contrived to escape observation, and place himself in comparative safety. To search the great cave was therefore resolved on. About twenty of the most active of our men were told off for the duty, and, accompanied by a constable, armed with a warrant for the murderer's apprehension, and, guided by Forbes, who knew the interior of the cabin better than most people, it being the place where he procured fresh water for all his domestic purposes, the party immediately set forth. I was of the number, together with other officers. A government boat was ordered for the service, in which we sailed for Walsingham—the name of the locality where Forbes dwelt. As it was believed, though not positively known, that there was more than one issue from the cave, the greater part of the men were dispersed by files throughout the wood at some distance around, with orders to close in at the sound of the bugle, and with the rest we proceeded on our search. Making our way through a closethicket of sage-bush and low dwarf cedar, we struck into a narrow, circuitous, and scarcely perceptible path, which led to the principal and only known entrance to the place where we hoped to find the murderer. The approach to the cave was not easy of access, its mouth being almost entirely hidden by coffee and pomegranate shrubs, and parasite plants of various kinds, the passion-flower and Virginian creeper being the most luxuriant. Orange and lemon trees laden with fruit were also scattered about, making the spot resemble a rich yet neglected garden; but its beauty had no charms for us at that moment, however much we might have been inclined to linger and admire it at another. Forcing aside the pendent leaves of a broad banana, Forbes pointed to the entrance of the cave, and, picking his way amongst the rocky fragments, began the descent, whispering to us to follow closely. It was no easy matter to do so, the footing being very slippery and unsafe, owing to the constant percolation of rain-water through the porous soil, which dripped from the

long stalactites that hung from the caverned roof. There was light, however, from the outer air for the first few yards of the rugged slope, and we reached a level space without accident. It was necessary now to proceed with greater care, a dark abyss, which appeared unfathomable, yawning before us. To enforce caution, our guide displaced a heavy stone, which, after a few bounds, plunged with an echoing roar into deep water beneath. Torches were lit here, and once more we advanced. I might dwell on the subterranean wonders that met us at every step of our progress, but these were less heeded than the object which brought us to the place. For nearly half an hour we moved on, constantly descending till we reached the margin of the water, which was salt, from its communication with the sea. It proved a sort of gulf, and rose and fell with the tide.

As yet, no sign or sound had betrayed the presence of any one but ourselves; and having to all appearance reached the utmost limits of the cave, we began to question the utility of hunting further, when my servant, John Hurley, who had been allowed to join the party, and who, in his eagerness, had got considerably ahead, shouted out at the top of his voice: "I have him! Come on, boys! Here he is! Give up, you scoundrel!" We raised our torches, and, looking in the direction from which the voice proceeded, descried Hurley on his knees grappling with what appeared to be the crouching figure of a man. But this vision was only vouchsafed for a moment. The next thing we saw was my unlucky servant rolling down the steep, and immediately afterwards a tremendous splash announced the fact of his having tumbled into the water. We fished him out, dripping wet, and spluttering. "I thought I got him," he said, "but just as I laid a hold, my foot slipped. He's up there still! It's mighty could he is!" Both these remarks were true, for when our guide climbed to the place from which Hurley had fallen, he discovered that what we had taken for the fugitive was nothing but a large stalagmite, closely resembling a human being. When our laughter at the mistake had subsided, we asked if we could get any further in that direction, and being assured that there was no practicable path, we gave up the search, and re-trod the windings of the rock till we reached the light of day, coming to the conclusion that if the murderer had made any use of the cave, it was only for a temporary purpose—probably when he believed that pursuers were on his track. Reluctantly, therefore, after scouring the neighbouring woods, and extending our examination for some distance, the men were called in, and we returned disappointed to the garrison.

Whether stimulated by the offered reward, or moved by the desire to avenge his own wrongs, or piqued at the doubts thrown on his statement—if a combination of all these motives did not operate with him, Isaac Forbes was determined to renew the search for Joel Tucker, and instead of going out to fish that evening, re-

mained in his cottage till dark. He then—this was his subsequent statement—went quietly forth, and, climbing a large calabash-tree, sat watching among its branches, a notion having entered his brain that Tucker haunted the spot. For some hours all was perfectly still, the mocking-bird had long ceased his imitative song, and the waning moon had just risen, when, by her uncertain light, the watcher discerned the figure of a man emerging from a thicket at a short distance. He carried a bundle in one hand, and making his way in a southerly direction, passed close to the calabash-tree. Had there been no light at all, the intensity of the mulatto's gaze would have sufficed to distinguish, in the person who approached, the man he was looking for. It was no other than Joel Tucker. The idea of his true place of concealment then flashed upon Forbes. On the south side of the "main," to seaward of a long spit of land where the breakers terminated, extended a broad reach of sweeping sand, which, constantly encroaching, had added to the ruin of a small village originally half destroyed by fire and abandoned by its inhabitants. Singularly enough, the name of the place was Tucker's-town, but only a few blackened walls remained, sufficient, however, to afford shelter for any one desirous of concealment, with an ulterior purpose in view. Forbes guessed at this purpose, and what subsequently happened confirmed his opinion. Noiselessly leaving the tree, and treading like Caliban, so that the blind mole could not hear his foot fall, he followed whither Tucker was evidently bound. He tracked him to the deserted village, and saw him enter the ruins. Here, then, he housed himself; but it was not enough for Forbes to know this. There was something else he wanted to ascertain, and he waited till daybreak for the purpose. When the first gleams of the morning light appeared, he moved from the underwood of sage-bush in which he had been lying, and climbed a hill that commanded the whole line of coast. His keen eyes eagerly swept the horizon, but not a single sail was visible, and he felt satisfied that no vessel could appear in sight for several hours at least. From the height where he stood the ruined village was plainly visible, and looking towards it, he saw Joel Tucker steal out a few paces and stand with his back to the shore, one hand shading his eyes, as if he were on the look-out for some passing vessel.

He had evidently selected this spot as affording him the best chance of making his escape from the islands. After gazing for about ten minutes, the murderer slowly returned to his hiding-place, and, having learnt all he wished to know, Forbes hurried to Walsingham, got into his boat and made the best of his way to St. George's, to communicate the certain intelligence he possessed of the whereabouts of Joel Tucker. The matter was now in the hands of the local magistrate, who, employing the civil force only, manned a larger boat than the fisherman's, and sent Forbes back in it to guide the

party. Three or four hours had gone by since the mulatto left Tucker's-town, and in the interim the restless murderer had taken his resolution. It appeared, from the subsequent depositions, that, on the night the murder was committed, Tucker took possession of a small boat which he found on the shore, belonging to the proprietor of an arrowroot plantation about a mile from St. George's, and rowed across to the "main," avoiding the ferry. This accounted for the fact of his not having been seen there. The stolen boat, which was not missed, as it was very rarely used, Tucker concealed in a mangrove creek on the inner side of the spit of land already mentioned, and managed to subsist by means of nocturnal depredations. This mode of living was fraught, however, with so much peril, and his personal anxiety to escape was so great, that he came at last to the resolve of putting out to sea in the hope of being picked up, when he should be able to tell his own story, and accomplish his deliverance; and, but for the discovery made by the mulatto, such a result might not have been improbable.

Full of the expectation of making an immediate capture, the officers of justice landed close to the mangrove creek, and, led by Forbes, crossed over the spit of land to Tucker's-town, and, having surrounded the ruins, closed in upon them, to take the hare in its form. Amongst the broken walls, over which the prickly cactus was fast spreading, there stood the larger part of a cottage, roofless, but affording something like accommodation, the fireplace and chimney still remaining. Here, then, the fugitive was doubtless hidden. The party crept round the cottage and made a rush inside. There was nobody there—but evidence of recent occupation was plainly apparent. The embers of a fire of cedar-branches were still warm, and some fragments of food—peelings of the sweet potato, the vegetable on which Tucker had chiefly lived—were strewn on the ground, but the man himself was gone. As quickly as he entered the hut the mulatto rushed out again, and presently the others heard him utter a quick cry. They ran to where he stood gesticulating and shouting, and looking to seaward, saw at the distance of full a mile from the shore a man pulling away from it with all his might, and handling his oars like one well accustomed to their use.

"By golly, him gone!" exclaimed Forbes; "but we catch him yet!"

It was no time for standing idle if they meant to do so; and without more delay the party ran back to the mangrove creek, got into their boat, and bending to their work, rowed round the spit. Half mad with excitement, the mulatto, who feared alike the loss of the reward and the escape of his persecutor, stood up in the bows the better to direct the pursuit. Half an hour had been gained by the fugitive, who had increased his distance from the shore by nearly a couple of miles. It was a hard task for the pursuers to overtake an experienced

boatman with so great a start; but they had almost as strong a motive in their endeavour to do so, as he whom they followed had in preventing them, and the effort on both sides was increased by a fact which the mulatto as well as the murderer became aware of—a ship was in the offing, sailing on a wind, and evidently only passing the islands.

"Pull away, *my men*!" cried Forbes, as if he were the captain of a man-of-war. "This dam rascal get away if you don't. I see the colours of the ship! By golly, the stars and stripes! Once he get aboard that dam Yankee clipper we never see him no more. Get along, you lazy lubbers—pull! pull!"

If the race had been swift before it was doubly rapid now, but superior power began to tell, and the pursuing boat drew fast upon the other. Seven days of half-starvation had greatly reduced the murderer's strength, while they who followed were in the full plenitude of health and vigour. Though Tucker, who saw his danger as well as his means of escape, exerted every muscle, he was yet half a mile from the clipper when the officers' boat was within a quarter of a mile of his own. Once more he made a desperate effort, but the space between the rivals gradually diminished, till only two boats' lengths remained between them, and little more than a hundred yards divided the murderer from the clipper, on the deck of which the crew were gathered to witness the race. The mulatto became as pale as if he had been born of white parents, and shouted with frantic energy; the boats nearly touched. "Give way! I jump into him," cried Forbes. He was on the point of doing so, when Tucker rose from his seat, and, quick as thought, fired a pistol at the mulatto—a second which he had reserved for self-defence. Owing to the unsteadiness of his aim the ball whistled harmlessly, close to the head of the mulatto. Throwing away the weapon, and calling out "Save me!" the murderer leaped into the sea, and swam towards the clipper. But the mulatto was in the waves as soon as himself, and, with the swiftness of the shark, in three strokes was abreast of his prey, and seized him by the neck. The murderer grappled him, and in the struggle they both disappeared, only, however, to rise again a few moments afterwards, with Tucker senseless and stretched across the mulatto's broad breast, while his captor, lying on his back, and showing his white teeth, grin-

ning with delight, swam to meet the officers' boat.

"What has that fellow done?" shouted the captain of the clipper through his speaking-trumpet.

"Committed murder," was the reply.

"Lynch him, then!" rejoined the Yankee; and easing his vessel off a few points, he waved his hand in token of farewell. The salute was returned, but the American's advice was not observed. Tucker revived to learn that a more legitimate fate awaited him.

I need not dwell on this part of the story. The murderer was tried at Hamilton, the chief town in Bermuda, and sentenced to be hung on the spot where his crime was committed. It was my duty to superintend the military arrangements for preserving order when the sentence was carried out. Capital punishment was a thing almost unknown in the Bermudas—at least since the days of the pirates—but there was no difficulty in finding a hangman. So much was poor F— beloved by the coloured people, and so strong was the feeling against his murderer amongst them, that the office was volunteered; but to preserve a kind of decency, while a fantastic notion was gratified, the hangman wore a mask, a slop dress, and a cocked-hat and feathers.

This was the first execution I ever witnessed. It was also the last.

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